

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 703 { FIFTEENTH YEAR
Vol. XXIV }

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

THE CRITIC Co. { \$3 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1895.

Charles Scribner's Sons' New Text-Books.

PRIMER OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By Prof. GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, Yale University. 12mo, 324 pages, \$1.00 net.

This is an entirely new book, written by this eminent authority expressly for elementary study. High Schools, Normal Schools, Private Schools, and Colleges where brief courses are offered will find it by far the most satisfactory text-book that has been written.

J. C. GREENBROOK, *Principal State Normal School, Westfield, Mass.*: "I find it a delightful book, worthy of reading at every fireside and of a place in all the schools of our land."

ELEMENTS OF ETHICS.

By J. H. HYSLOP, Professor of Psychology and Ethics, Columbia College. 8vo, 467 pages, cloth, \$2.50.

Prof. JAMES N. SNOWMAN, *Washington and Jefferson College*: "It is comprehensive in its scope, simple and yet thorough in its analysis, and clear and straightforward in its style. It keeps out of the fog of confusion and equivocation, and is in touch with modern aspects and problems of the science. Although we have been using another book and are well advanced in the term, yet we have adopted your book."

HERBART AND

THE HERBARTIANS.

By CHARLES DE GARMO, Ph.D., President of Swarthmore College. 12mo, 268 pages, \$1.00 net.

The Dial: "Of its kind, Dr. Charles De Garmo's 'Herbart and the Herbartians' is the most important book that has recently issued from the press. The author is easily the first Herbartian authority in the country—not the most enthusiastic, perhaps, but certainly the most comprehensive, even-minded, and judicious."

THE MAKING OF THE NATION.

American History Series. Third Volume.

By General FRANCIS A. WALKER, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 12mo, 314 pages, \$1.25.

General Walker's volume deals with the era of the adoption of the Constitution and the subsequent welding together of the different States, which had hitherto been distinct and independent communities. It begins with the close of the Revolution and ends with the conclusion of Madison's second administration.

Prof. J. A. WOODBURN, *Indiana University*: "Walker's 'Making of the Nation' is a book of the highest worth, and one for which I shall find use in my college classes. I have also recommended it to my classes in the Bay View Summer University."

Prof. JAMES MONROE, *Oberlin College*: "General Walker is one of the most useful of our American writers, and this new volume is no exception to his uniform success. It is remarkable, as combining a certain fresh interest with great condensation—a rare achievement."

VOLUMES PREVIOUSLY ISSUED:

THE COLONIAL ERA. By Rev. GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Yale University. 12mo, \$1.25.

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION. By WILLIAM M. SLOANE, Ph.D., Professor of History in Princeton University. 12mo, \$1.25.

PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

An Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology. By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. 8vo, 412 pages, \$3.00.

The subjects treated are: Psychology and the Philosophy of Mind, The Concept of Mind, The Reality of Mind, The Consciousness of Identity and the so-called Double Consciousness, The Unity of Mind, Mind and Body, Materialism and Spiritualism, Monism and Dualism, Origin and Permanence of Mind, Place of Man's Mind in Nature.

A LABORATORY GUIDE FOR THE DISSECTION OF THE CAT.

An Introduction to the Study of Anatomy. By F. P. GORHAM, A.M., and RALPH W. TOWER, A.M., Instructors in Anatomy in Brown University. 8vo, 87 pages, 7 plates, \$1.00 net.

H. W. COOK, *Wesleyan University*: "I am very glad that the work has been published, for it is very timely and much needed. I am sure it will be a success, inasmuch as it certainly does meet a want."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By BARRETT WENDELL, Associate Professor of English in Harvard University. 12mo, 435 pages, \$1.75.

Dr. W. J. ROUSE, in *The Critic*: "This book is a notable contribution to Shakesperian literature, and I commend it to all teachers, students, and critical readers of Shakespeare, as a discussion which they cannot afford to overlook."

RHETORIC. ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By AUSTIN PHELPS, D.D., late Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, and HENRY ALLYN FRINK, Ph.D., Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Public Speaking in Amherst College. 317 pages, cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net.

The charm of Professor Phelps's style, the clearness of his statements, and the abundance of illustrations and practical exercises based on Professor Frink's long experience as a teacher of both Rhetoric and Oratory, unite in making the book the most desirable one, it is believed, on the subject.

SEYMOUR H. RANSOM, *The William Penn Charter School*: "To both students and teachers of Rhetoric, Prof. Frink's work cannot fail to be wonderfully interesting, instructive, and inspiring. The characteristics and use of the English language have been set forth nowhere more clearly or usefully than in Part I. of this book. The principles there indicated have been admirably supplemented by the exceedingly practical exercises, examples, and suggestions that are to be found in Part II. Prof. Frink's work will be welcomed by discriminating teachers of English everywhere."

HENRY N. DICKINSON, *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*: "It is one of the freshest and most stimulating, and I should say one of the best for classroom use, that I have seen. Many teachers of Rhetoric will be grateful to Professor Phelps and the publishers, and especially to Professor Frink, for the completeness with which it is adapted to its purpose."

These books are among the latest text-books issued, and represent the most approved methods of instruction. The attention of teachers is cordially invited, and every convenience will be afforded teachers who wish to make a thorough examination before deciding upon texts for class use.

Write for Scribner's Descriptive Text-Book Catalogue.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.



"GERRY CUP." Won by "WASP."

DESIGNED
AND MADE BY
WHITING MFG CO.

Solid Silver

(Exclusively.)



WHITING M'FG CO

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS CONCERNING ARTICLES STAMPED
STERLING

SERVE TO EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF OBSERVING THE
MAKER'S MARK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY
OF STERLING QUALITY ⁹⁹⁹/₁₀₀₀ FINE;
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR

TRADE MARK.

THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE

ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, ETC.

AUTOGRAPHS

AND BOOK-PLATES

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

WALTER ROMEYN BENJAMIN
287 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

A New Era in Bookselling.

BRENTANO'S, 31 Union Square,
Announce an important change of policy. Hereafter they
will sell books at SWEEPING REDUCTIONS from PUBLISHERS' PRICES. Book-buyers will thus be afforded the
opportunity to purchase from an unrivalled stock of Classic,
Standard and Current Literature, at PRICES as LOW as
prevail ANYWHERE, with the added advantage of prompt
and intelligent service.

ALL the BOOKS of THE DAY at LOWEST PRICES.—
Foreign Books.

Mail Orders receive special attention.
Send for Brentano's Monthly List of New Books. Free on
application.

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers,
Brentano's, Newsdealers, 31 Union Square, New York.

RARE BOOKS—PRINTS—AUTOGRAPHS.

WILLIAM EVARTS BENJAMIN, 10 W. 22nd St., New York.
Catalogues issued continually.

THE BOOK SHOP, Chicago. Scarce Books.

Back-number magazines. For any book on any subject write
to the Book Shop. Catalogues free.

A. S. CLARK, 174 Fulton St., N. Y. City, (West of E'way)
deals in Books that are out of the common, as also Magazines. Catalogues upon application.

H. WILLIAMS

25 EAST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.
Dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets, volumes or single numbers.

BACK numbers and sets of all magazines. For
price state wants to AMERICAN MAGAZINE
EXCHANGE, De Meill Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The Chicago Press Clipping Bureau

35 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

Special rates to writers, publishers, professional men.
Write.

NEW YORK OFFICE, EQUITABLE BUILDING.

THE AUTHORS' CLIPPING BUREAU

makes a specialty of furnishing authors with the reviews of
their books and personal notices of themselves published in
the American newspapers and magazines. Its subscribers
include many leading authors, who all say that it gives the
best service of the kind that they have ever seen. Special
attention is given to sending out clippings in neat and attractive
form, without disfigurement by blue pencil marks. No
advance fee is required, and subscribers pay only for the
clippings that they get. Clippings on special subjects will be
furnished, if desired. For information, address: The Authors'
Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 1905, Boston, Mass. Mention
THE CRITIC.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE NORTH- EASTERN STATES.

Drawn and carefully described from Life. Without
undue use of scientific nomenclature, by ELLEN
MILLER and MARGARET C. WHITING. With 308
Illustrations, the size of life, and a Frontispiece
printed in colors. Large quarto, buckram,
8 1/2 x 11 1/4 inches. In box, \$4.50 net.

"Anybody who can read English can use the work
and make his identifications, and in the case of
some of the flowers the drawings alone furnish all
that is necessary. . . . The descriptions are as
good of their kind as the drawings are of theirs."—
New York Times.

THE LEAF-COLLECTOR'S HAND- BOOK AND HERBARIUM.

By CHAS. S. NEWHALL. An aid in the preservation
and in the classification of specimen leaves of
the trees of Northeastern America. Illustrated.
\$2.00.

"The idea of the book is so good and so simple as
to recommend itself at a glance to everybody who
cares to know our trees or to make for any purpose
a collection of their leaves."—*N. Y. Critic*.

* A full Catalogue of Rural Publications sent on application.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

NEW YORK: 27 & 29 W. 23d St.

LONDON: 24 Bedford St., Strand.

Now Ready. Plate and India paper (Sheet Demy). THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Library Edition (limited to 250 copies), containing 62 Plates (Views and Plans), with
descriptive letterpress, re-published from
"The Builder," revised and partly re-written.
Unbound (in portfolio), 8l. 18s. 6.; bound
(whole buckram), 4l. 4s.

"The drawings are certainly very beautiful."—
The Times.

"A very attractive publication."—*Morning Post*.

"A noble volume."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A most interesting and useful work."—*Guardian*.

LONDON:

Publisher of "The Builder," 46, Catherine-st., W.C.

THE TREES OF NORTHEASTERN AMERICA.

By CHAS. S. NEWHALL. With an Introductory Note
by NATH. L. BRITTON. With Illustrations made
from tracings of the leaves of the various trees.
8vo, \$2.50.

"We believe this is the most complete and hand-
some volume of its kind, and on account of its com-
pleteness and the readiness with which it imparts
information that everybody needs and few possess,
it is invaluable. No lover of country scenery and
rambles should be without this volume, for with it
observations which have been amusing and refresh-
ing will become entertaining and highly instructive."—*Binghamton Republican*.

THE SHRUBS OF NORTHEAST- ERN AMERICA.

By CHAS. S. NEWHALL, author of "The Trees of
Northeastern America," etc., etc. Fully illus-
trated. Large 8vo, \$3.50.

"The author has done his work faithfully. He is
a veteran in his line. He knows all about trees and
shrubs and vines, has studied his subject for years,
and can talk about them in the most interesting
way, in a language which everybody can under-
stand."—*Chicago Post*.

GARDEN AND FOREST

A Journal of Horticulture, Landscape
Art and Forestry.

"A year's reading of GARDEN AND FOREST is
an education."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

Beautifully Illustrated. Published Weekly.
\$4.00 a Year.

SPECIMEN COPY ON APPLICATION.

BOUND VOLUMES for 1885-86-87, - \$10 each.

BOUND VOLUMES for 1891-92-93-94, - \$6 each.

Carriage prepaid to any part of the United States
or Canada.

GARDEN AND FOREST PUBLISHING CO.
Tribune Building, New York.

The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

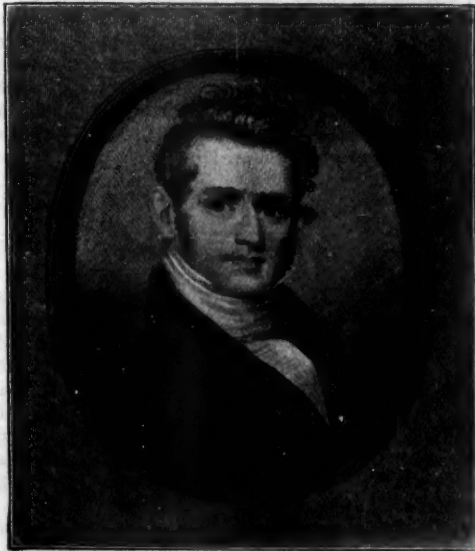
Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895

Joseph Rodman Drake

7 AUGUST 1795—20 SEPTEMBER 1820

THERE IS SOMETHING melancholy in the death of young poets, of whom as a class we are slow to believe that they are beloved of the gods in that they die young. We magnify their promise, when death has put an end to it, and prophecy performance which they could hardly have fulfilled if they had lived to old age. The feeling is natural, as all generous feelings are; but it is often mistaken, it is so impulsive; and so ill-considered that it is sometimes ridiculous, if not absolutely foolish. There is no good reason why poets should not die young, as other men do, and when we consider what young poets are—or some young poets,—we cannot but regret, at least I cannot but regret, that they do not die earlier than they do, and a good deal more frequently. If Keats had lived longer, he might have outgrown his infatuation for



RODGERS, Pinxit.

T. KELLY, Sc.

Fanny Brawne, but that he would have written better, if he had lived longer, is not likely, since "Hyperion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" were followed by "Cap and Bells" and his abortive tragedies. Shelley had given the world his best before he wrote "The Triumph of Life," and Byron his best before he wrote the last cantos of "Don Juan." There was nothing in Chatterton after he doffed the antique domino of Rowley, and next to nothing at most in Kirke White, David Gray and other minors and weaklings, whom the world has willingly let die. America has produced her share of these inheritors of unfulfilled renown, but, unless my memory is at fault, not so many as England, for at this moment I recall only three—the two Davidson sisters, who were more fortunate in their biographers than in their poetry, and Joseph Rodman Drake, who has not yet found a biographer, though none of our early poets more fully deserves one, both as a poet and a man. Worthy of remembrance at all times, he is especially worthy of it now, for one hundred years have passed since he first saw the light of summer in this breathing world of ours. We have long celebrated the anniversaries of our old battles, of Concord, of Bunker Hill, of New Orleans, and we have begun to celebrate the birthdays of our famous soldiers and states-

men. It is about time, it seems to me, that we began to celebrate the birthdays of our poets, and we cannot begin better than by celebrating the centennial of Joseph Rodman Drake.

He was born in New York, 7 August 1795, and was the only son of a family of four children, but whether they were older or younger than he is not stated in the scanty notices of his life, nor what was the social status of their parents, who, dying at an early period, left their little ones unprovided for. Who looked after them in their orphanage we are not told, which is rather a pity, for if the child be the father of the man, we should like to know something of the childhood of Drake. He is said to have shown a talent for verse while in his teens; but if the specimens of it which are said to be preserved in one of his fragmentary poems entitled "Leon" are a fair sample of its general average, this talent was not excessive. He must have done something towards maintaining himself at this time, for we hear of his having some mercantile employment, probably as a clerk, and he must have had friends, for at the age of eighteen he abandoned this employment, which, of course, was distasteful to him, and began to study medicine. Shortly after his enrolment among the neophytes of Æsculapius, Drake was fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit in the person of an eager votary of Apollo. It was during a sailing excursion down New York Bay, on the afternoon of a September day, which had been a rainy one, though the rain was then over, and the sky was illuminated with a brilliant rainbow. The conversation, which for a time had been of a desultory kind, happened to turn on the delights of the world to which our young Æsculapian was preparing himself to formally dismiss his fellow-mortals, when the poetic Apollonian declared that his delight there, if he could have his choice, would be to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell. It was a more ethereal conceit than that of Gray, who asked for nothing better in heaven than to lie on a sofa, and read eternal new romances by Marivaux. That propitious September afternoon was marked with a white stone in the annals of American letters, for it witnessed the beginning of a friendship between Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz Greene Halleck, a friendship which was delightful, in that it added to the personal happiness of both, and memorable, in that it determined an epoch in their poetic history. It was as important as the friendship between Lamb and Coleridge, or the more equal friendship between Hunt and Keats.

The budding physician and the banker's clerk took together, and became inseparable companions, hunting in couples wherever pleasure beckoned and inclination led their willing feet. They lounged in at the book-stores, and haunted the playhouses: they took long strolls in the country, which was not far to seek in the New York of eighty years ago: and they visited the best families, by whom they were entertained, and whom they entertained in turn, Halleck with his conversation, which was light and sparkling, and Drake with his flute, upon which he was an admirable player. Among the families whom they were in the habit of visiting was that of Mr. Henry Eckford, a wealthy ship-builder, who lived in a spacious country house, situated on a shaded avenue known as Love Lane, and who had more fair daughters than Jephthah, judge in Israel. The mention of these ladies reminds me that Halleck referred to one of them in a letter which he wrote to his sister Maria, 29 Jan. 1817, and in which he deplored, inveterate celibate that he was, the doom to which she had subjected his friend Drake, who had married her the summer before, because, as he intimated, her father was rich. "He was poor, as poets, of course, always are, and offered

himself as a sacrifice at the shrine of Hymen to shun the 'pains and penalties' of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, though much against my will. His wife is good-natured, and loves him to distraction. He is, perhaps, the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo, and, as I well knew that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting in such a sacrifice."

The letter of Halleck from which this captious extract is taken contained manuscript copies made by him of two of Drake's poems, one being "The Culprit Fay," which was written about the time of his marriage, and in consequence of a discussion between him on the one hand, and Halleck and Fenimore Cooper on the other, concerning the rivers of Scotland and their adaptation to poetic uses from their romantic associations, and the rivers of America, which are destitute of such associations, and whether the latter could not be made as poetic as the former, Halleck and Cooper maintaining that they could not, and Drake that they could—an argument which he proceeded to enforce by the composition of "The Culprit Fay," which Halleck assured his sister was begun and finished in three days, and (in his opinion) was certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and more strikingly original than he had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be.

We learn from these intimate letters, as their biographic setting, that Drake and his wife made a tour in Europe in the second year of their wedded life, and that they travelled through Scotland, Ireland, England, Wales, France and Holland; and we find in Gen. James Grant Wilson's "Life and Letters" of Halleck two poetic epistles addressed to him by Drake, shortly after his arrival in Scotland, one from Dumfries, the other from Irvine. We learn from the same volume all that we need to know about the satirical squibs which Drake and Halleck, separately, or in conjunction, contributed to *The Evening Post*, in the spring of 1819, over the signature of "Croaker," which was adopted from the name of one of the characters in Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man"; about the excitement which they created in drawing-rooms, book-stores, and coffee-houses, and the general curiosity respecting their authorship; and about the astonishment of their enthusiastic editor who gave these effusions to the world, and who, when their authors introduced themselves to him one evening, at his residence in Hudson Street, exclaimed, "My God, I had no idea that we had such talents in America!"

The jubilation of this good editor was of short continuance, however, for before the close of the year the health of the younger of the two possessors of these wonderful talents, which had never been robust, was so greatly impaired that he was ordered south in the hope of restoring it. Physician enough to understand his critical condition, Drake consented to go, and, accompanied by his devoted wife, made a leisurely journey to Louisiana, where he sojourned for several months, escaping the rigors of the northern winter, but too late to escape the darker rigors of death's eternal cold. He returned with the spring, the shadow of himself, pale and suffering, but patient and cheerful, and lingered along, failing and fading before the eyes of his loving friends. Halleck was constantly at his bedside until the end came. When he was on his deathbed, his friend De Kay, who, at the request of his wife, had collected and copied all his poems which could be found, brought them to him. "See, Joe," he said, "what I have done." "Burn them," he replied, "they are valueless." He died on 21 September 1820, one month and fourteen days after his twenty-fifth birthday. He died young, but not unwept, unhonored or unsung; for on the day of his death Halleck wrote on the manuscript of his poems the touching little monody which has immortalized his memory; and said with a sigh when he was returning from his funeral, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone."

There are more important figures in the early annals of American poetry than Drake, but none, I think, who are more interesting than he. There is, there can be, but one standard by which poetry should be judged, but there are, and there ought to be, more than one standard by which poets should be judged, for to measure the dwarfs by the same standard as the giants, is to belittle the one and be unjust to the other. Drake's poetry should not be read as if it had been written in our day, when poets are so plentiful that every versifier has their art at his finger ends: it should be read as it was read when it was written, in the first two decades of the century, when poets were few among us, and their skill so limited and uncertain as to disconcert and irritate later readers. He had no American models whom he could study to advantage, only such rude workmen in verse as Dwight, Trumbull, and Freneau; and the only English models whom he knew, or for whom he seemed to care, were Moore and Scott. He could not have had a more manly master than Scott, though he might have found a more deliberate one, for Scott improvised rather than composed. Like Scott, Drake wrote too rapidly, and too carelessly; for whatever its merits, and they are considerable, since poetic invention is one of them, and spirited metrical movement is another, "The Culprit Fay" is an improvisation, and nothing more—an improvisation which needed much, but never had any, correction. It is charming, however, for just what it is, being one of the pillars upon which the reputation of Drake rests, the other being his lyric, "The American Flag," which is still the standard sheet in our Heaven of Song. No one but a poet could have written these two poems, to remember which is to remember Joseph Rodman Drake.

R. H. STODDARD.

Literature

"Scandinavian Literature"

Essays. By H. H. Boyesen. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IF ONE WERE called upon to distinguish carefully between the three related nationalities that make Scandinavia so interesting an ethnical study to-day, one might superficially be tempted to call them as alike as three peas, as alike as Attic, Ionic and Doric, as alike as French, Italian and Spanish. And yet, underneath this "likeness," what dissimilarity! Who, except on the most cursory of examinations, could call the fiery and voluptuous Swede like the soft, sweet-tempered, courteous Dane, or would compare either with the bold, independent, rather anarchic and revolutionary pessimist who has lately developed among the fjelds and fjords of Norway? The three brethren have grown as distinct as Reuben, Joseph and Benjamin, or as Isaac and the children of Hagar. Since 1814, when the Bernadottes enthroned themselves in Stockholm, Sweden has been saturated with French influences; Denmark formed a jealous little island kingdom of itself till its gates were rudely torn open by the Germans in 1866, and light from without pitilessly streamed in on a realm of intellectual bats and owls; and Norway brooded like a wrathful Achilles over her black waters, the spoilt child of ancient vikings, apart from the others, stern, gloomy, idyllic, republican, waiting for the time when her pent-up energies should burst forth volcanically and she should bloom phenomenally as at once the youngest and the oldest, the strongest, strangest, most brilliant of the trio.

The typical *esprits forts* of Scandinavia are Björnson, Ibsen, Jonas Lie, Hans Christian Andersen, George Brandes and Esaias Tegnér. Of these six, the first three are Norsemen all aflame with the old Berserker spirit of anarchism, defiance to established custom and passion for the free air and stentorian liberties of the old sagas: intellectual *jarls*, Cnuts and Harthacnuts setting forth in every new volume to conquer or crush adjacent principalities of thought. Two (Andersen and Brandes) are Danes wrought into exquisite suavity by the attrition of modern culture. The last (Tegnér) is a Swede, whose beautiful verse is familiar to Americans in

the translations of Longfellow—a mighty peasant bishop whose soul, born in Hellas, somehow got misset in a Swedish body, but radiated sunlight and sweetness and auroral joy wherever it journeyed in the clammy North. Of these Norway is numerically as well as otherwise the most powerful. The chill Atlantic has wrought upon the Norse temperament and stimulated it to vigor, versatility, richness, dramatic power, pastoral beauty, keen observation, even as the descendants of the ancient ashen viking pirate-ships plunge their keels into every sea and fly the flag of Norway in every latitude.

Björnson is the greatest of these six extraordinary men; he ranges at will over every field—idyll, *eventyr*, novel, drama, political pamphlet, historical tragedy, romance, epic verse and exquisite song-stanza. He has developed out of a charming Theocritean writer of pastoral episodes into the mightiest intellectual and political force of the Scandinavian peninsula; out of a Christian (he is the son of a pastor) into critic, hypercritic, sceptic and semi-anarchist, whose latest novels talk much noxious nonsense (apparently endorsed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, the *connoisseur* of Scandinavian literatures) about marriage. Next to him ranges the philosophic socialist overturner Ibsen, whose sardonic comedies and militant verse ring painfully on the western tympanum—a Diogenes within whose lurking dimples a satyr nestles, and who stands in everybody's sunlight. All the world knows the radiant, tender, imaginative shoemaker's son, Andersen, who threw a magic veil over the nursery and made galoshes and mermaids and pins and needles talk an enchanted speech—yet a body without an epidermis, a soul without a lining, which everything hurt or offended. Brandes is one of the world's three or four greatest critics of pure literature, counting Ste. Beuve, Matthew Arnold and Lowell in the same company; a Jew of brilliant Oriental, Disraeli-like eloquence, whose career has taken a pessimistic turn since his failure to win the professorship of literature at the University of Copenhagen, years ago, and who has recently developed into an almost absurdly blatant theoretical anarchist. He is an accomplished traveller and linguist, a biographer whose "Tendencies of Modern Thought" was read with delight and instruction by the present writer when it first appeared in its little-known Danish form; a man with enthusiastic friends and passionate foes, who has got himself, like Börne and Heine (his fellow Jews), into a bitter false corner and is spoiling his beautiful voice by consequently singing falsetto. All in all, the Scandinavia of 1840-95 is full of splendid literary promise, not only in these six Titans, but in Kielland, Drachmann, Schandorph, Jacobsen and Prof. Boyesen himself. He *will* vent his occasional spleen on Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson, but is this not because he is a worshipper of Howells?

Rhodes's History

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By J. F. Rhodes. Vol. III.: 1860-a. Harper & Bros.

AFTER AN INTERVAL of two years and a half, we are called upon to notice a further instalment of Mr. Rhodes's History. This volume deals with the social and economic features of the decade already treated of (1850-60), and then carries on the political history of the next, from the first election of Lincoln to the passage, in the spring of 1862, of the resolution of Congress looking towards a compensated emancipation. We are glad again to commend Mr. Rhodes's work for the two excellent qualities which we noted in our previous review. Its studied fairness and impartiality are consistently maintained, and its conclusions are supported by an immense variety of *pieces justificatives*, careful references to all of which are attached. But it seems to us a matter of question whether, among the authorities cited, a disproportionate amount of weight is not given to the daily press, in both social and political matters. By no means do we wish to imply that the book is like the Life of Napoleon which Landor's

Villèle mentions, "compiled from old gazettes"; and we do not refer to the acknowledged editorials of men like Greeley, who is frequently quoted, but to the merely anonymous journalists of the period. There is no reason to assume that the daily papers of forty years ago were more uniformly safe guides than they are to-day. For a single illustration, let us take, though at second hand, one peculiarly applicable for its timeliness. Discussing the impression made upon European observers by the standard of pecuniary honesty in this country, Mr. Rhodes refers (p. 111) to Wirth for "a black picture of financial and commercial private morality based on an article in the New York Times." Now, we have recently been favored by a journal of wide circulation with a picture of the same thing at the present day, certainly as black; and yet some of us succeed in preserving our confidence in the substantial integrity of our financiers. However, if we are to allow Mr. Rhodes the right to support his conclusions so largely by newspaper evidence, we may congratulate him on having followed the advice which we took the liberty of giving him in our former review, and devoting a larger share of his painstaking research to the Southern periodicals than he did before, thus reaching at least a more evenly balanced view of events.

The book as a whole strikes us as deserving the epithet which we have just used. Each department of our national life has its due share of attention, nor are the prejudices which the author must have somewhere about him allowed to obtrude themselves to any extent upon the notice of his readers, if we except the passage (pp. 30-35) where he diverges into an anti-Protectionist argument, which has little enough to do with his text, and is, it seems to us, out of place in a work of this character. Perhaps another passage may be brought under this head, where he has been betrayed into an unfortunate dogmatism in the assertion that there was no "other than a single cause for secession and the war that ensued," that cause being slavery pure and simple. We do not dispute Mr. Rhodes's right to hold this view, which, besides all the American authorities for it, has the sanction of so intelligent and unbiased a foreign observer as the late Comte de Paris; but he should not rule out of court, *ex cathedra* as it were, all other views, when the facts adduced in his own book are enough to lend color to a doubt of his assertion. He should not quote other causes as assigned by men to whom credit is due, and then dismiss them as the utterances "of Southern writers since the War, who naturally have sought to place the four years' devotion and heroism of the South on a higher basis than that of a mighty effort to conserve an institution condemned alike by Christianity and ethics" (p. 119), or characterize them (p. 293) as having been "astutely" put forward, implying an intention to deceive.

The book is easy reading for one of its size and solidity. The style is clear and straightforward, and seems to be marked in this volume by fewer "purple patches" than in the two preceding ones. It is not a matter of grave importance, but it would have added to the dignity of the work, even though depriving it of a pleasant smile, if Mr. Rhodes had not wound up his really spirited and striking description of the events which followed the passing of South Carolina's ordinance of secession by the delicious anti-climax, "That night the patricians of Charleston drank champagne with their dinners." It is always possible in a work of this size to find small errors in detail. "Captain du Pont" (p. 490) was Commodore du Pont before the taking of Port Royal; and to call Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley simply "Lady Wortley" (p. 65) savors of undue condensation. Possibly the proof-reader is to blame for the omission of inverted commas in several places; but "His policy was guided by the thought of after me the deluge" has not a pleasant look. These, however, are trifles which do not seriously impair the value of a useful and carefully written book.

Our Arctic Eldorado

Alaska: its History and Resources, Gold Fields, Routes and Scenery. By Miner W. Bruce. Illustrated. Seattle, Washington: Lowman & Hanford.

THE POWER OF GOLD seems about to have its latest and strongest manifestation in the unlikeliest of scenes that could have been imagined for its display. A rush of gold-seekers to a region where for all but three months in the year the ground is locked from their labors by ice and snow is a phenomenon that could hardly have been predicted. But when the progress of events in this direction has at length reached a point which has aroused the attention of a slow-moving Congress and called for the active investigation of the U. S. Geological Survey, it is a satisfaction to have the facts fully set forth by a trustworthy recorder, such as Mr. Bruce may fairly claim to be. He reasonably considers that "six years spent in Alaska, first in the interest of journalism and later in other pursuits, have enabled him to present an accurate and truthful account of his observations concerning the developments of the past few years." And he adds the thrilling assurances that "the field is large, and already the dawning of great enterprises fills the mind of ambitious projectors: gold-fields are to be opened up, railways built, possibly with a span of communication with the Old World, besides many other projects which will cause the active American brain to vibrate with new vigor." The ambitious projectors, blessed with the "active American brain," will naturally have recourse to Mr. Miner's volume; and if they find in it many stimulating facts, they will notice others which may induce them to "hasten slowly"; for Mr. Bruce, with all his enthusiasm, is a clear-headed and judicious adviser.

The accident that the purchase of Alaska, besides enlarging the abundant national territory by an addition of nearly 600,000 square miles, had at the same time the result of endowing the United States, already rich in inland waters, with a vast river, ranking in length and volume among the twenty greatest rivers of the globe, was for a long time regarded merely as a curious geographical fact of no practical importance. That the Yukon, rolling its lonely flood through one of the most forbidding regions of the earth, would come to be an important channel of commerce, navigated by steamers for a distance of nearly 1,900 miles from its mouth in Bering Sea, and that its shores would be occupied by "enterprising towns," with bustling streets, mining offices, lively saloons and other adjuncts of civilization, is a condition of things which a few years ago would have seemed beyond possibility. What has chiefly helped to make the apparently impossible a sudden reality is the fact that the head-waters of the Yukon, rising far south of its Arctic embouchure, can be reached by a route of less than thirty miles from a trading-post on the chief coast inlet of southern Alaska. From this trading post, over the coast mountains, and down the Yukon head-waters for two or three hundred miles further, the adventurous miners make their toilsome way, with sledges and boats, to the busy gold-fields, whose output already begins to be reckoned by the million. The omnipresent kodak has not been wanting, and several pictures of travelling parties of miners and natives give a vivid idea of the dreary and laborious route.

The author does not disguise the hardships of the journey and the subsequent toils, which only the hardiest and most temperate of men can safely venture to encounter. In fact, the severity of the climate has sifted the mining population, which evidently belongs to a superior class. "The element of outlawry," we are told, "is almost entirely eliminated. The entire Yukon valley bears an enviable reputation for peace and morality. Simple but effective self-adopted rules of government are found amply sufficient to ensure order, and they are universally respected." Mr. Miner's book is by no means confined to this subject, but deals with many other points of interest affecting the territory, its civil and

natural history, mountains and glaciers; its climate, or rather its many climates, and its by no means contemptible agriculture, its islands and "tourist routes," seal industry and various fisheries, its Indians and Eskimos, the hard-working and successful missionaries, who are doing much good among them, and finally the "boundary dispute," on which the author feels keenly, and which is not unlikely soon to yield another question for a tribunal of international arbitration. On all these matters reference may be made with confidence to this thoroughly commendable work, in which the clear descriptions are confirmed by many excellent pictorial illustrations, as well as by a large and carefully drawn map.

"Don Quixote"

Done into English by H. E. Watts. New edition, with notes, original and selected. In 4 vols. Vol. 1. Macmillan & Co.

HOMER'S "ILLIAD" is not more properly the "book of Greece" than is "Don Quixote" the "book of Spain," a book about which Cervantes himself prophesied that there would be no nation nor language where its voice should not be heard. To-day 300 editions, in almost as many tongues, proclaim the glories, the fun, the tears, the misadventures of the hero of La Mancha, whose romance has enriched the vocabularies of the world with piquant words and graphic meanings—"Quixotism," "Dulcinea," "Rosinante" and many another—of which it never before had dreamed, and with droll or exquisite situations of which it can never tire. One Thomas Shelton, of whom the biographical dictionaries know and tell us nothing, was the first English translator of the arch-knight and arrant dreamer, and one of the best, who did his work in flavorful Stuart English "in forty days" (as he tells us), and then dropped exhausted into the sea of oblivion. He was followed by Milton's nephew and Smollett and Motteux and Jarvis (of whom Pope said that "he translated 'Don Quixote' without knowing Spanish"—only paralleled by Pope's own feat of Englishing Homer without knowing Greek!) and Bowle and Ormsby. Last of all, in 1888, Mr. H. E. Watts put forth his capital version, which now reappears amended, corrected, recast and richly annotated, in a four-volume popular edition for the general reader.

On this version the translator has worked twenty years, giving, like King Alfred in his famous translation of "Boethius," "now word for word, now spirit for spirit," and in this following the modern example of Schlegel, the masterly translator of Shakespeare into German, who bids us "follow step by step the letter of the sense, and yet catch part of the innumerable indescribable beauties which do not lie in the letter, but hover about it like an intellectual spirit." He thus escapes the malediction which Voltaire invoked upon the literal translator, and brings himself into flattering comparison with other translators who have made twin masterpieces with their originals—Burton in his "Arabian Nights," Jowett, Schlegel-Tieck, Tennyson in his scraps of antique verse, and Amyot and P. L. Courier with "Daphnis and Chloe." A slight comparison of version and original shows at a glance the faithfulness and accuracy, and the racy originality, of Mr. Watts's work. He breaks up the long periods of the Spanish and paragraphs them intelligently, and his English is just enough "lisped upon his tongue" to make it "sweet"—that is, it corresponds with Cervantes's Spanish in its faintly archaic flavor just enough to get the version back toward the early seventeenth century. Among the sanctioned pronunciations of "Quixote," "Quijote," Mr. Watts patriotically prefers "Quickstott," because the immortal Don has given us common English words like "quixotic" (with the x-sound); and yet he thinks, with others, that the French spelling "Quichotte" perhaps accurately reproduces the phonetic value of the early seventeenth-century Spanish-Arabic *j* or *x*. To him "Kee-hóty" or "Kee-hotty" seems pedantic. Incidentally he remarks that Lockhart was a fine and fastidious scholar, but "had little Spanish," while ample justice is rendered Ticknor and his unrivalled collection of

cosas de España. A very charming introduction, of delicate literary flavor, presents the humorous-solemn old *hidalgo* to us

"Blooming in his colours for a thousand years,"
one of the ancient gentry that are ever young, the type and incarnation of his people, chivalrous, childish, pathetic and altogether delightful.

"The Hero of Esthonia"

And Other Studies in the Romantic Literature of that Country. Compiled from Esthonian and German Sources by W. F. Kirby. With a Map. London: J. C. Nimmo.

ESTHONIA IS THE northernmost of the three "German" or Baltic provinces of Russia, the other two being Livonia and Courland. The Gulf of Finland separates it from Finland, the Gulf of Riga is southwest of it, and the great Lake Peipus (eighty miles long) and the Province of St. Petersburg limit its eastern boundaries. Its population is Finnish and speaks a dialect as close to the tongue of the Finns as Italian is close to Spanish, the linguistic stock being the agglutinative Finno-Ugrian type, to which Turkish and Hungarian, Lappish and Samoyed also belong. The country was conquered by the German Knights of the Sword during the Crusades, and for a long time was ruled by a German aristocracy under Russian dominion. It is full of dialects, as closely related as Danish and Swedish, or as Lowland Scotch and English. Singularly little attention had been given to Esthonia, either in Continental or in English literature, before the publication of Mr. Kirby's most instructive and interesting volumes. The region was so little visited that it was virtually a *terre vierge*, when in 1838 some Esthonian scholars founded the Gelehrte Ehstnische Gesellschaft, a society whose aim and object were to collect and publish the remarkable oral literature of the Esths. Only recently a Swedish scholar had astounded literary Europe by the collection and publication of that marvellous Finnish epic, the "Kalevala" (whose metre is so familiar to us in Longfellow's "Hiawatha"), gathered from the lips and memories of the Finns, where it hung, doubtless, just as the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" had hung on the lips and in the memories of the rhapsodes of Hellas. The Esthonian harvest of popular song, fairy-tale and legend, rich beyond compare, was cropped in part by Dr. Fühlmann, about fifty years ago; he died, and the harvesting was diligently carried on by Kreutzwald, Neus, Hurt and Jannsen.

When pieced together by experts, many of these tales and rhythms, like the "Kalevala," were found to constitute a vast epopee of twenty cantos in 19,000 lines, full of curious and beautiful poetry, celebrating the deeds and doings of a giant-hero, one Kalevipoeg, the son of Kalev, the mythical hero of Esthonia, who appears as Kallervo in the sister-poem of the Finnish "Kalevala." Thus the two wonderful collections might well be called the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of the Arctic North. Besides this remarkable metric growth, the soil of Esthonia has produced a vast crop of folk-tales in prose, ballads, short poems, lyrics, epics, riddles, fairy-tales, proverbs, magical formulæ, superstitions of the most singular and poetical nature—as singular and poetical as the Hungarian melodies in Liszt's music. An Esthonian pastor, Jacob Hurt, and his coadjutors, formed the meritorious project, some years ago, of going to work and collecting these perishable *curiosa*, three volumes of which appeared in 1875, '76 and '87, followed by others in '88 and '92, and the collections amazed the recent Congress of Folklorists held in Paris. While Mr. Kirby was engaged on his critical edition of the "Kalevala" ("—country of Kaleva"), which is not yet published, he was led to examine the literature of the neighboring countries likewise. It was there that he picked up the "Kalevipoeg," thinking it was only an Esthonian variant of the Finnish epic; but he found it so dissimilar, and so interesting, that he decided to publish a full account of it in prose, especially as it was almost entirely unknown to English

readers. Latham, in his "Nationalities of Europe" (1863), had translated some of the principal Esthonian ballads found in Neus's "Ehstnische Volkslieder" (1850-52), but only casual reference is made to the "Kalevipoeg" in an occasional magazine. Mr. Kirby's first stately volume is therefore devoted, as one would naturally expect, about one half to the marvellous giant-world, adventures, episodes and character-sketching of Kalev and his three kinsmen. The prose rendering is spirited and admirable, occasionally interspersed with lines, in octosyllabic trochaics, like the following song of a maiden:—

"What beheld she in the ocean?
What beneath the sea was shining?
From the sea a sword shone golden,
In the waves a spear of silver,
From the sand a copper crossbow.
Then to grasp the sword she hastened,
And to seize the spear of silver,
And to lift the copper crossbow," etc.

The first time this metre was used in English was not by Longfellow (who copied it from Schiefner's German translation of the "Kalevala"), but by Kenealy, in his English translation of Goethe, in 1850. It is the national metre of Finland and Esthonia, the only difference being that the Finnish epic runs in trochaic distichs, whereas the "Kalevipoeg" is in continuous eight-syllable trochaics. Mr. Kirby's prose version is as interesting as a fairy-tale (which it is—and capably adapted to illustration as a Christmas fairy-book). We have never met with more original, ingenious, whimsical stories than in the folk-lore sections of this book—many of them of exquisite beauty, such as "The Milky Way," "The Grateful Prince," "The Wood of Tontla," "Tudu the Flute-Player" and "The Lucky Egg." Many of these are lovely poems in prose, full of rare fancy and rarer poetic beauty, sometimes inculcating a moral, sometimes merely beautiful for beauty's sake. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Kirby on his great industry and success, and, above all, Pastor Hurt and his 633 folk-tale collectors, for rescuing from oblivion these invaluable sidelights on history and manners, the Esthonian fireside tales and poems. We have read the greater part of these 600-odd pages with delight, and have noted the many resemblances between their wealth of popular lore and that of other nations, all the while finding the extreme originality of the Esthonian emphasized everywhere along the line.

Psychical and Psychological Research

1. *On Double Consciousness.* By Alfred Binet. Open Court Pub. Co.
2. *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.* Vol. X. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

DR. BINET'S ESSAY (1) is germane to the whole question of thought transference and hypnotism. He has demonstrated that there are in man two consciousnesses, which, in abnormal or morbid conditions, act independently. By placing the anæstheticized arm of a subject behind a screen, Dr. Binet was able to show how that subject was able to pursue two absolutely distinct trains of thought and action, each consciousness, so to phrase it, being unaware of the existence of the other. He states his facts, but reserves his theory for a future day. It is conceivable that this condition, when once generally recognized by psychologists, will be invoked to explain the phenomena of thought transference, phantasms of the living and the dead, hypnotism, or animal magnetism, dreams and illusions. If we recollect aright, Carl Du Prel some years since suggested, on the ground of physiology, a double consciousness, and went on to apply his theory to the explanation of dreams, in a way not dissimilar to M. Binet's. Du Prel conceived that under some conditions of the body the ganglionic nervous system took control, while the cerebro-spinal system went to rest. Perhaps at times both work simultaneously. A consideration of the literature of this nature induces in the thoughtful reflection that, while we do not yet know the laws of psychic phenomena, nor even that there are such "laws," we are apparently on the threshold of an unknown world, which the twentieth century will be the first to enter and possess. Physiological psychology has been a useful method, but it has unwittingly

tinely played into the hands of spiritual philosophy. When we posit the law of gravity, we abandon ourselves to anti-materialism.

A large number of people now accept telepathy as an ascertained fact. With the decline of the belief in the supernatural, or, at any rate, with the narrowing of the sphere wherein men recognize its action, ghosts seem ruled out by commonsense from serious consideration. Nevertheless, there are curious psychological phenomena that still require explanation. The Society for Psychical Research has, in the face of much ridicule, been engaged in the investigation of those phenomena that the past deemed supernatural and miraculous. The volume before us (2) contains the address of the Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Society's President, who briefly lays down the scientific foundation of its work. Next comes a paper by Prof. Lodge, upon the difficulty of making crucial experiments in cases of alleged telepathy, hypnotism, levitation and spiritist manifestations. The difficulty is vastly greater than the average well-informed and sensible person would at first sight suspect.

The principal paper, however, is the report of Prof. Sidgwick's committee on the census of hallucinations. The object of this committee was to determine plainly the real objective existence of ghosts, and thus to prove, if possible, the continued existence of the human person (or human mentality) after death. The alleged instances of the apparition of phantasms of the dead were subjected by this committee to rigid scientific scrutiny. Prof. Sidgwick's name may be taken as a guarantee of the accurate method and of the adequacy of the tests. After all allowance had been made for subjective error, fraud, hallucination, illusion and other like invalidating conditions, a residuum of cases remained that could not be thrown out. Were they due to coincidence? That must be determined by an application of the law of probabilities. Such an application demonstrated that the probability of these apparitions being due to a chance coincidence was 19,000 to 1. As a matter of fact, the actual occurrence corresponded to a real event 440 times in 19,000, or in a ratio of nine to forty. So, while, according to this sort of evidence, the probability that the human person continues to exist after death is very great, the committee does not feel justified in reporting that the fact is actually proved by the data in its possession.

"Episodes"

By G. S. Street. New York: The Merriam Company.

THE AUTHOR OF "The Autobiography of a Boy," G. S. Street, has made use of some of his recent observations of life in a collection of short and ironical sketches, which have been presented to the public in an attractive little volume entitled "Episodes." An episode being a digression, or incidental story, for the sake of variety, Mr. Street's attitude toward the characters he places upon his canvas is, in the fitness of things, not a very serious one. Some trivial incident, which, however, seems to him diverting, is seized upon and placed in such manner before the reader that it is easily seen to be the key-note to a more serious situation. This part of his work the author has accomplished with marked ingenuity; but the key-note reveals to the reader such an array of ugly and unlovable characters, that no *raison d'être* can be conceived for these sketches, except it be Mr. Street's anxiety to display his ingenuity in the line mentioned. While there are still great floods, as it were, of invidiously obscene literature let loose upon the reading world, the general tendency is to purify literature of this treacherous element. The infidelities and moral lapses, the veiled yet vicious thought of cultured and well-conditioned people of the world can no longer be handled by a writer in a spirit of mockery, and he escape a just condemnation.

It is this spirit of airy mockery, a tolerant, light handling of what are really grave matters, as if they were of no significance whatever, which conspicuously characterizes Mr. Street as a writer. It is very evident that he merely seeks to be amusing, and takes neither himself nor his subjects seriously. However, in seeking to amuse, he is so unfortunate as to lose sight altogether of reverence, and is flippant or cynical, where a very different style would most amuse and attract a desirable class of readers. In fairness be it said that Mr. Street has drawn his sketches with a very clever hand, but, when observed critically, they contain no real literary merit, and no humor which a truly refined mind can consider as such. The book is of the kind a dissipated club habitué might chuckle over a half hour or so; and then throw aside, with a little less faith in mankind than he possessed the hour before. And this is really the sum and substance of "Episodes," so far as we can discover.

Fiction

LATEST AMONG the school of the new short-story writers—distinguished chiefly by indifference to the sexual-love *motif*—comes a bright Canadian, Mr. E. W. Thomson, another member of that band of provincial writers, whose clever work is produced in the Dominion and published in the States. "Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories" contains fourteen tales, only one of which, "John Bedell, U. E. Loyalist," so much as recognizes the existence of the once omnipotent Cupid. Yet even the most sentimental maiden will not toss this book aside for lack of vital interest. It is intensely human, vividly true to life. The tales are kaleidoscopic—bright bits of human experience, each rapidly succeeding another, hardly any two alike, yet all blending in a harmonious impression. Mr. Thomson is not a plot-maker. He has no faculty for intricate interlacing of events, the dove-tailing of situations, and the springing of mines of dazzling, unexpected *dénouement*. His genius does not lie in this direction; but he can take a simple incident, or a single dramatic event, and clothe it with such vividness of color and feeling, that one as readily spares plot and complication as a diagram of inflorescence in a rose, or a cosmic scaffolding about the evening star. Take, for instance, a story like "The Shining Cross of Rigaud," with its idealism, its pathos, its poetical handling, and imagine it blurred and expanded by a conventional plot! Yet there are tales of intense action in this little volume, thrilling by their rapid movement. "The Ride by Night" and "Verbitsky's Stratagem" scarcely suffer one to breathe between paragraphs. One cannot help feeling that the former makes a prose counterpart to Browning's "How they Brought the Good News." It is the most striking story in this unique collection. Humor and pathos are about equally represented by such tales as "Old Man Savarin," "The Privilege of the Limits," "Little Baptiste," "Drafted" and "The Waterloo Veteran." The classification of the book as Vol. I. of "Off-hand Stories" leads us to hope that Mr. Thomson intends to supplement this volume with others of equal freshness and interest. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

IF OXFORD BE a paradise for deceased German philosophies, London may be said to be, at present, the limbo of obsolete French naughtinesses. Mr. du Maurier cannot be said to have begun it: the author of "David Grieve" was already in the field. Perhaps it was Stevenson's sketches of French artist life that started the boom, though they show nothing of the seamy side of Bohemianism, but are full of its much overrated gaiety, recklessness, unpaid-for pleasures and inestimable virtues. It was known then that there was another side to the medal, and since that has been turned, everybody has wanted to look at it alone. So that now, whoever has spoiled canvas, whoever has cheated his washerwoman, whoever has scandalized the broadly tolerant Latin Quarter, has his work cut out for him: he must write a book about Bohemia. Nay, the rank outsider, before perpetrating his yearly novel, must run over to devote a fortnight to getting up what he calls "local color." One of the characters in Mr. Henry Harland's "Grey Roses" is just such a creature, who swaggers into the café des Souris dressed in velvet jacket and buff mantle, and wearing an Elizabethan beard. Mr. Davis Blake, who imagines himself to be Shakespeare reincarnate, is a scarcely exaggerated type of the person who "does" the studios as he might "do" the slums, and who, full of his little self, describes what he has not seen, like an unprincipled reporter. We know the man. We have heard him, seated upon the only unbroken chair, with his back to the statue which, ostensibly, he had come to see, hold forth by the hour upon his own poetry, while work was at a stand-still because of his presence. Mr. Harland has evidently been further than to the coast of Bohemia. He knows that there are peaks inland, and a difficult country. Still, his "Grey Roses" have been gathered from the lower fens; they treat of failures, or of successes not quite as respectable, of Bibi Ragout who had sunk to a scamp because he had once been a hero, of the composer whose musical genius had led to an old age of piano-playing in a *brasserie*, of the "Bohemian Girl," a rather commonplace version of "The Woman Who Did." True to his opportunities, his Bohemians are mostly English men and women naturalized in Paris. In manner he suggests his acknowledged model, Maupassant. As to matter, he has taken what came to hand. (Roberts Bros.)

IN "SOME GOOD INTENTIONS AND A BLUNDER," the public will find a little squib of a novel, an illustrated epigram, with the name of John Oliver Hobbes upon the title-page, which must be a reference to the good intentions, for she certainly did not write

it. Or it may be the blunder, and she may have just stumbled by sheer good luck into not being its author. The hero of the story (to be taken with a grain of salt) is a Mr. Egg—a name which in itself is a review, a biography and an obituary for said gentleman. The heroine is Genalva Auchterlony—which is saying enough. The villainy consists in an attempt to get them married, the villain being Lady Boyd Hopjay. Lady Boyd Hopjay meets the due reward for her sins by marrying him herself. This is the moral. We cordially recommend this notice as a substitute for reading the book, which has been withdrawn from the book market by the publishers. (Merriam Co.)—THE MOST INTERESTING part to modern readers of "The Life, Adventures and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton," which appears as Vol. VI. of the new edition of the "Romances and Narratives of Daniel Defoe," of which we have already reviewed the previous volumes, is the account of Singleton's journey across Africa, then a very dark continent, indeed. Defoe makes his pirate hero start from the mouth of a river, Quilloa, on the Mozambique coast, and, after encountering several cataracts and crossing the coast range, he comes upon three great fresh-water lakes by the shores of which he journeys for many days, and, missing the Congo, of the correct position of which his Portuguese companion seems to have been informed, arrives at last at the Gold Coast. In his clever introduction, the editor, Mr. George A. Aitken, traces the probable sources of Defoe's knowledge of the great lakes and the upper Congo, and shows that they must have been certain Portuguese and other early maps on which the main geographical features of Central Africa were shown, the Portuguese having, doubtless, derived their knowledge from natives of the coast regions. The illustrations by Mr. Yeats are very clever. (Macmillan & Co.)

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN is not a novelist of the first order, but he knows our colonial life in every detail, and he can tell a good story well. Believing that the women as well as the men had a good deal to do with the making of our independence, he has written "The Daughters of the Revolution." He knows where everything happened in and around Boston, and pictures for us the kind of boys and girls and men and women that lived in the years just previous to the Revolution. He knows, also, how they dressed, how they talked, what they ate and how they travelled: his men and women are real creatures of flesh and blood. Beginning with the year 1769, he tells the story of life in New Hampshire, in which he was born and brought up, and how Boston looked, and what kind of people were they that talked with Sam Adams. He repeats the old story of the Tea Party, Lord North, King George, the lobsters or British Red-coats and the rope-makers, in a way that stirs the pulse as well as the imagination. More than any other writer we have noticed, he lays emphasis upon the incident of the shooting of the little boy, Christopher Snider, and shows clearly the effects which it had upon the Bostonians. Nor does he forget to show how much Jamaica rum and other alcoholic beverages had to do with generating bad blood on both sides. The old incidents of the midnight ride and the morning drum-beat are told with lively detail, and the picture of Bunker Hill is magnificent. Of course, there are lovers and love whose course runs roughly at first and smoothly at last. The story will nourish patriotism. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THOUGH SHE HAS written but little, Miss Jane Barlow's stories of contemporary Irish life are already widely known as among the best in their genre. She is equally at home in castle and cottage; her sympathies are not bounded by class or condition; and, if her subjects are sometimes gloomy or painful, she, in true Irish fashion, makes the most of whatever consolatory gleam of humor or of beauty there may be in them. "Maureen's Fairing," the tale that gives its title to her new volume of stories, is a very slight one, of the deception practised upon a little blind girl by her brother, who amused her with gossip about the fairies, whose doings she supposed were visible to him. Longer and more amusing are the stories of the timely rescue of Uncle Jim from the "Banshee train" that was taking him to exile; of the formidable manners of Mr. Macartney O'Neil Barry, aged four, and the legend of Mrs. Kelly's cream-colored cactus, the gardener's proposal to give a red one in exchange for which was met with a "Why, then, I hope you'll be getting your health till I go and do that," plainly intimating that in that case he would have little need of the doctor. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is the last story, "The Murphys' Supper," a realistic sketch of life in the slums of an Irish city, radically different from such life elsewhere, but seldom touched upon by writers of fiction. (Macmillan & Co.)

Richard Morris Hunt

RICHARD M. HUNT, one of America's greatest architects, died at Newport on July 31. He was born at Brattleboro, Vt., 31 Oct., 1828, of an old New England family, and was educated at New Haven, Conn., and in Boston. In 1843 he went to Europe with his mother, and began the study of architecture, first under Samuel Darier, at Geneva, then at Paris under Hector Lefuel and in the École des Beaux-Arts. Upon the completion of his studies there, he travelled through Europe, Asia Minor and Egypt, and upon his return to Paris, in 1854, was made by the French Government Inspecteur des Travaux in connection with the new buildings uniting



From a Medallion by Karl Bitter

the Tuileries to the Louvre. Lefuel, who had succeeded Visconti as architect, placed him in charge of the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque, opposite the Palais Royal. Young Hunt had the honor of making, under Lefuel, all the studies and drawings for the Pavillon. At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Hunt returned to America, and was immediately engaged to assist the late Thomas U. Walter in preparing plans for the completion of the Capitol at Washington. After six months of hard work in Washington, he came to this city to begin the real work of his life. His career was successful from the start. He took a prominent part in the founding of the American Institute of Architects and the establishment of an atelier for students similar to those which flourished in Paris. Among the many prominent architects who worked in his studio are Prof. William R. Ware of Columbia College, George B. Post, Frank Furness, Henry Van Brunt and Charles Gambrill.

The enduring monuments of his great talent are found in many places. Among them are the Lenox Library, the first building of the Presbyterian Hospital, William K. Vanderbilt's mansion at Fifth Ave. and Fifty-second St., and the Tribune Building, in this city; the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty; the Vanderbilt mausoleum at Newdorp, Staten Island; the Theological Library and Marquand Chapel at Princeton College; the Divinity School buildings and the Scroll and Key Society building at Yale; the monument to commemorate the close of the Revolutionary War, at Yorktown; the Brimmer buildings in Boston; the country house of George Vanderbilt at Biltmore, N. C., and a number of villas at Newport, among them Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's "Marble House" and Cornelius Vanderbilt's new "The Breakers," which was but just completed before his death. Acknowledged by his fellow-architects as the ablest man of their profession, Mr. Hunt was appreciated abroad as well, as was shown by his election, last year, as one of the ten Foreign Associates of the Académie des Beaux-Arts (one of the five divisions of the Institut de France), of which he had been for a long time a corresponding member. He was, also, a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Hunt was a member of the Architectural League of New York, the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and other similar American associations, one of the three foreign architects belonging to the Society of St. Luke, an Italian body of artists which has the distinction of being the oldest society of its kind in the world, a member of the Institute of British Architects, the Central Society of French Architects and the Architects and Engineers' Society of Vienna. Recently Queen Victoria conferred upon him the gold medal of the Institute of British Architects (in special recognition of his Administration Building at the Chicago Fair), making him one of seventeen foreigners to be so honored. Personally Mr. Hunt was well known and heartily beloved. Tall, splendidly built and comely of face, he was also a man of high character and noble impulses, always ready in his busy and brilliant career to turn aside to aid with his experience and talent a less successful brother in the craft. American architecture owes him a lasting debt; in his person it has been honored and appreciated abroad.

No one man has had more to do with producing the great improvement which the present generation has witnessed in the aims and methods of our architects, especially of the younger men of the profession, than had Mr. Hunt. A conscientious artist, learned in all the details of his exacting profession, he was eminently the man to make a fight for art in this country, where "practical" considerations are always uppermost, and where they so often lead to hasty and ill-considered work. Those who have had the advantage of working under him, or of listening to any of his numerous addresses, know what a vigorous hold he took of the really practical conditions of a problem, and how logically and inevitably he rose from them to the artistic possibilities of the case. As a lecturer he easily communicated to others his enthusiasm for the beautiful, because it was felt that he had overlooked no question of utility or of practicability. In his work he was equally thorough. The many handsome buildings and monuments which he erected may be admired without reserve, for their beauty is, we might say, organic: it is part and parcel of the construction, and not dependent upon ornament, or upon meretricious effect. Yet no one knew better how to apply rich ornamentation, or how to create a picturesque exterior in harmony with the uses of the building and with its surroundings. The residences of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt and of Mr. Henry G. Marquand in this city, both in the ornate style of the early French Renaissance, offer examples of sculptured decoration, happily introduced and relieved by masses of plain wall. The villas built by him at Newport are almost the only buildings of their kind that combine the picturesqueness aimed at with comfort and artistic reserve. His abilities in a more monumental style may be guessed from the severe yet attractive front of the Lenox Library. What he might have done had occasion offered, was shown in the exquisitely poised dome of the Administration Building at the World's Fair in Chicago—from any point of view the centre and crown of the architectural beauty of the scene.

International Copyright To-day

MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, Secretary of the American Copyright League, has summed up the results obtained by the



SECRETARY JOHNSON

League, largely through his own efforts. "The passage of the Copyright Bill," he said in an interview published last Sunday by the Bachelor Syndicate, "was in itself the accomplishment of a reform in which all the literary classes were deeply interested, but it was only the accomplishment in name, and not in fact. In order that it should become practically operative, it was necessary that our law should be accepted by foreign governments. * * * To this end, there has been continual correspondence largely devoted to influencing the owners of literary, artistic and musical copyright in other countries to bring the subject forcibly to the attention of their governments. At the present time, eight countries of Europe are in copyright relations with the United States under our law. These are Belgium, France, Great Britain (with her colonies), Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Italy and Spain, in

the order named. Of course, we counted upon the acceptance of our law at once by Great Britain, but considerable difficulty was encountered even in that country. Belgium, France and Switzerland very promptly accepted the law. In the other countries the progress has been slower. * * * The chief difficulty, of course, has been the paragraph in the law known as the manufacturing clause. * * * A large part of our efforts has been directed to showing non-English speaking countries that this obstacle was more illusory than real. * * * Where this objection has, however, seemed to foreign countries a considerable one, we have tried to enforce upon them, as a reason for their acceptance of our law, the compensatory advantage of unconditional security in the matter of music and art which our law affords.

"Our efforts * * * will continue to be exerted * * * with all countries with which there is any likelihood at any future time that we may have such interchange. We have even gone so far as to urge favorable action upon representatives of the Russian government. As a preliminary to the establishment of copyright relations with that country, however, there would have to be a relaxation in the censorship of literature now exercised in Russia. We certainly could not consent to any copyright arrangement which would leave our scientific or religious works subject to mutilation. * * * In the countries of the Austrian empire, the authors and musicians, I am informed, favor the acceptance of our law, but heretofore the opposition which has come from Austrian reprinters of German works has proved effective and the government has formally refused to reciprocate. * * * Holland has, I believe, formally declined, the fact being that Holland has no international copyright arrangements. * * * In Norway and Sweden, where the question of copyright arrangements is, I think, a function of the Crown, we have not been able to get the attention of the King, whose mind is, of course, busily occupied at the present time with internal affairs. * * * Informal efforts have also been made with Brazil, Mexico and Japan and, in due course of time, we may look for an enlightened policy on this matter from these and other countries. * * * I am in a position to hear of any and every defect in the working of the Copyright Law, and I believe that it is seldom that a law operates with the smoothness with which this has worked." Speaking of the manufacturing clause in the Law, Mr. Johnson said:—"I think that, as it is, there would be no opposition to the passage of a law next winter, which should provide for the admission of books in foreign languages on the terms of music and art without manufacture, leaving the translations still subject to the manufacturing clause, for the number of foreign books re-made in this country since the Law was passed, for a period of over four years, has been so small that their bulk has been of no advantage to the American compositor or printer."

A question as to the pending copyright complication in Canada brought forth the following opinion:—"This question is not so much a question of copyright, as it is of the relations of Canada to the British Empire. By the Imperial Copyright Act, to the security of which we were admitted after the passage of our Law, we are entitled to copyright not only in Great Britain, but in all her colonies. But the Canadian Government maintains that, according to the fundamental understanding with Great Britain, as expressed in its statutes, the question of copyright was one which was remanded to Canada. Of course, one cannot help sympathizing with Canada on the question of prerogative, but at the same time, it is very much to be regretted that its local government gives its support to a policy toward literary property, especially toward American literary property, which has been discarded by the experience and by the morality of the civilized world. The appointment of Mr. Hall Caine as an intermediary between the English copyright interests and the protesting Canadians will probably result in some satisfactory solution of this difficulty."

Mr. Johnson declared that he did not anticipate any bad results from the recent decision in relation to the portion of the Law which admits two copies of every foreign edition in a single package, and expressed his satisfaction at the revision of the Law's provisions against reprints of photographs, and at the settlement of its meaning regarding copyright in music. Concluding, he declared that "In general, the judicial decisions in copyright cases under the present statute have all been in the direction of reinforcing the largest view of the rights of property. The collection of these cases would of itself make an interesting and valuable record."

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Johnson, who has received the Order of the Crown of Italy and the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to the cause, is one of two that appeared with the interview, which has been copyrighted by the Syndicate.

Lord Byron and "The Vampire"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In a recent number of the London *Academy* appeared the following communication from Mr. George Newcomen:—

"I have been lately fortunate enough to have had put into my hands an unpublished letter of Lord Byron's of the most peculiar literary interest. As to the authenticity of the letter there is not the slightest doubt, and I now give you a copy of it, together with a brief account of the circumstances connected with it. The letter is as follows:—

"SIR,—In various numbers of your journal, I have seen mentioned a work entitled, 'The Vampire,' with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal announcement of 'The Vampire,' with the addition of an account of my residence in the island of Mitylene—an island which I have occasionally sailed by, in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside, but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favor me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honors; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own.

"You will excuse the trouble I give you—the imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports I should have received it as I have received many others in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and of a residence where I never resided, is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one nor the incidents of the other. I have besides a personal dislike to Vampires, and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

"You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about my 'devotion,' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion,' which appeared in your messenger during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact—but you see I do not contradict them; because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader.

"You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honor to be (as the contributors to magazines say) 'your constant reader' and very obedient humble servant,

BYRON.

'To the editor *Galignani's Messenger*, etc., etc., etc., Venice, April 27th, 1819.

'A Monsieur Galignani,

18 Rue Vivienne, Paris.'"

"The real author of 'The Vampire' was Byron's young friend—poor, weak, vain, impulsive Polidori. He had constructed the tale from his remembrance of a story told by Byron at Diodati in 1816. Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were then living in a cottage on the Mont Blanc side of the lake. They and Byron often spent their evenings together, sitting up, 'in conversation till the morning light.' Upon one of these occasions, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of "The Vampire," and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening, but from the narrative being in prose made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result of their story-telling compact was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of "Frankenstein." (See Moore's "Life and Letters of Lord Byron," chap. xxvii.) Polidori was present on the above-mentioned occasion, and afterwards, in Moore's words, "vamped up the story of the Vampire, which, under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, was received with such enthusiasm in France."

"Among the letters of Byron published by Moore may be found two written to John Murray, about the same time, and on the same subject as the one now published for the first time."

The strange coincidence of the matter is that, about the time Mr. Newcomen was writing, I made a copy of an original (?) letter of Lord Byron containing the same subject-matter, but with the following variations in the text of the last paragraph:—The word "correspondents" is used, instead of "contributors"; and the closing words are abbreviated to "very obed't humble serv't." Moreover, the word "Monsieur" is repeated in the address, as follows:—

"A Monsieur

Monsieur Galignani";

and "Parigi" is written across the end of the direction.

The letter is written on unruled paper, on both sides of the sheet; the paper is yellow with age, while the writing, apparently

*The original is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Hewson, M. A. (Barrister-at-Law), Dublin.

written with a quill, is yet very black and distinct. Its history confirms the internal evidence of its authenticity. The original is pasted in a volume of Byron's Poems, published in 1827 by A. & W. Galignani, Paris. Both the volume and the letter are now in possession of Mr. G. Morrison Carter of Youngstown, N. Y., and were given by one of the Byron family to Mr. Carter's grandfather, by him to his son, William Carter, late Coroner for Surrey (London), and by the latter to his brother, the father of the present owner. It is hardly to be supposed that there are two original letters entirely the same, and the publication of the existence of this Carter letter may lead to the exposure of a literary forgery.

JOHN J. BISHOP, Capt. U. S. Army.

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y., 20 July 1895.

The Young Dante to the Lady at the Window

(FROM "LA VITA NUOVA")

LOVE'S COLOR wan, and pity's, sister-same,
Did ne'er till now so beautifully dwell
On any lady's cheek, aware too well
Of sights and sounds that go by Sorrow's name,
As on thine own, when late before thee came
My pallid figure all lamentable;
And with that look, such thoughts upon me fell,
My heart from breaking scarce could I reclaim.

These eyes that suffer cannot even but choose
To linger many a time upon thee yet,
Of their pent tide they long so to be free.
Great wilfulness thou dost in them beget;
They wither with desire: but oh, I lose
Mine art of tears while thou art near to me!

L. I. G.

The Tennyson Beacon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The opportunity, offered to the lovers of Tennyson's poetry, of helping to build a Beacon to his memory upon the Downs where he chiefly loved to walk and to meditate upon his work, has been quickly and touchingly responded to by many persons who have been able to send only small sums of money. The moment has now arrived when a few larger subscriptions are also needed to complete the American share in the movement. When the eye of the traveller shall see this fine stone cross in its lofty station, either in approaching the coast of England or in visiting from London the home of Tennyson, it cannot fail to be a matter of glad feeling if he shall have contributed to lay even one stone to the poet's memory. It is to be hoped that the small contributions will still continue, because they equally express the love of the sender. If six hundred persons will send one dollar each, the list may be closed immediately. Will not Chicago do this?

BOSTON, 2 Aug. 1895.

ANNIE T. FIELDS.

Prof. Martin W. Sampson, University of Indiana, \$5; John H. Buck, Hartford, Conn., \$1. Previously acknowledged, \$1157.51. Total to date, 1163.51.

Charles and Frederick Tennyson.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

IN YOUR ISSUE of August 3, in the Chicago letter, Miss Harriet Monroe announces, among other forthcoming books, "two volumes of poems, one by Eric Mackay, and the other by Frederick Tennyson, the brother of the Laureate. It was with his poems that Alfred Tennyson's earliest efforts were published, many years ago, in a single volume. And strangely enough, Frederick was then considered rather the more promising poet of the two. But there are many elements necessary to genius besides the mere talent." Tennyson's brother did publish with him "Poems by Two Brothers," Louth, 1827, but it was Charles Tennyson, and not Frederick. It may interest your readers to know that besides "Poems by Two Brothers," Charles Tennyson wrote "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces," Cambridge, 1830—a copy of which lies before me as I write, inscribed to "Wm. Henry Brookfield, from his affect'e friend Charles Tennyson." In 1880 Kegan Paul issued "Collected Sonnets Old and New." About 1835 he became Vicar of Grassby, Lincolnshire. About the same date, by his grandfather's death, he succeeded to property through his grandmother, and assumed the name of Turner.

Frederick Tennyson issued in 1854 a small 12mo. volume of verses, entitled "Days and Hours," and in 1890 "The Isles of Greece." Of this some one wrote in *The Athenaeum* at the time that "Mr. Frederick Tennyson's verse is to that of his brother

'As moonlight unto sunlight
And as water unto wine.'"

SUMMIT, N. J., 5 Aug. 1895.

ERNEST D. NORTH.

The Lounger

THE LITERARY HACK whose confessions, as made public in the pages of *The Forum*, have already been spoken of in this column, has stirred up a hornet's nest of literary hacks who deride him with scoffs and figures. One hack, who had a long article on the subject in *The Evening Post*, last Saturday, blames *The Forum's* hack for the mischief he has done in giving out that there is an average of \$5000 a year to be made out of hacking. This hack says that he has been hacking for ten years, and that \$2000 a year is the most that he can make by the hardest work. He gives some facts and figures to prove his sad case, and among them mentions \$30 for the serial rights in a novel that he spent much time in writing, and \$25 for the book right in the same. All I can say to this is that he was fortunate in getting that, for a novel which is worth no more than \$55, for serial and book rights, is not worth even that much. I am afraid that in the composition of this \$2000-a-year hack the business quality was left out. If a man can make his literary and journalistic work worth \$5000 a year, he will get that much for it, but if it is worth only \$2000, he won't get any more than \$2000, unless he is particularly lucky. There are writers who are overpaid, or who seem to be, but they are bound to be found out, and as soon as the public tires of their work the publishers and editors will get tired of paying for it.

* * *

THE TWO-THOUSAND-DOLLAR HACK complains that the exaggerated stories of authors' gains published in the newspapers are responsible for thousands of broken hearts. Men and women see them, and think that all that is necessary is to write and they will be rich. A pen, some paper, and a bit of Anthony Trollope's beeswax to hold them to their seats, and all is done. They equip themselves with this inexpensive outfit and write, and when they send their writings out, they are surprised to have them returned as "not available." What is it, they wonder, that makes one man's articles worth much and another's worth nothing? They eat their hearts out with disappointment and talk loudly of "cliques" and "favoritism," and, instead of trying their hand at some trade that they can master, they nurse their sorrow and curse fate—i. e., editors. It is the regular thing for the disappointed author to say of a popular book, "I can do much better work than that. My book is twice as clever as this one." Perhaps it is, but the public has to find this out for itself. It will not accept ready-made opinions of a book—particularly not those made by the author himself.

* * *

A LONDON CLUB which calls itself the New Vagabonds has been entertaining Mr. Grant Allen, the author of "The Woman Who Did," at a dinner. It would seem that a number of fairly well-known men-of-letters were present at this dinner, and I wonder why. Why should a man who has written one of the most pernicious books of the day be entertained by men who show their disapproval of that sort of stuff by not writing it? I should not think that other authors who are entertained by the New Vagabonds would feel flattered.

* * *

YOU PROBABLY HAVE READ George Moore's "Esther Waters" and "Celibates," and possibly his "Mummer's Wife," though you may not own up to the latter indiscretion. But have you ever read any of his musical criticisms? It is not the Moore of the abject details of "Esther Waters," but another and a madder Moore. He is an ardent Wagnerite. Before he knew Wagner, he was "lost in a pathless world, on a lampless sea." His understanding of the Master's music "came by slow degrees," but he knew that it would come. "Had I not known that," he writes, "I could not have admired, for I cannot admire what I do not understand." It is fortunate for Mr. Moore that everyone is not of his mind, otherwise his own writings, notably his paper on Wagner in *The Speaker*, would have no admirers. When he came to understand Wagner, the great composer reminded him

"of a Turk lying amid the hours promised by the Prophet to the Faithful—eyes incensed by kohl, lips and almond nails incarnadine, the languor of falling hair and the languor of scent burning in silver dishes, and all

around subdued color: embroidered stuffs, bronze lamps traced with inscrutable design. Never a breath of pure air, not even when the scene changes to the terrace overlooking the dark river * * * minarets and a dome reflected in the tide and in a sullen sky, reaching almost to the earth, the dome and behind the dome a yellow moon—a carven moon, without faintest aureole, a voluptuous moon, mysteriously marked, a moon like a creole, her hand upon the circle of her breast; and through the torrid twilight of the garden the sound of fountains, like flutes far away, breathing to the sky the sorrow of the water-lilies. And in the dusky foliage, in which a blue and orange evening dies, gleams the color of fruit—dun-colored bananas, purple and yellow grapes, the desert scent of dates, the motley morbidity of figs, the passion of red pomegranates, shining like stars through a flutter of leaves where the light makes a secret way. And through all the color and perfume of twilight, of fruit, of flowers, cometh the maddening murmur of fountains. At last the silence is broken by the thud of an over-ripe fruit that has suddenly broken from its stalk."

* * *

IT IS NOT ALWAYS, however, of Turks, of almond nails, of falling hair and bananas that Wagner reminds Mr. Moore. On other occasions he reminds him of

"the dark-eyed Bohemian who comes into a tavern silently and standing in a corner plays long wild ravishing strains * * * I see him not, I hear him not, my thoughts are far away and my soul slumbers, desiring nothing. I care not to lift my head. Why should I? Why break the spell of my meditation? I am at peace and desire nothing. But the dark eyes are upon me, and little by little, in spite of my will, my senses awake: like birds they sit at first with ruffled feathers and eyes full of sleep. But one by one they are caught by the music, the wild changing strain enters into them, gathers them together in the coil of its swaying passion. * * * Now I am alive to the music, all has ceased but it; I am conscious of nothing else. Now it has got me; I am in its power; I am as a trembling prey held in the teeth and claws of a wild animal. The music creeps and catches, and with cruel claws and amorous tongue, it feeds upon my flesh; my blood is drunken, and losing grasp of my suborned soul * * * I tremble, I expire."

And not a minute too soon for his own and his reader's peace of mind. It is a long while since I have seen such a perfect specimen of "flapdoodle" as this. The number of *The Speaker* in which this stuff appears contains, also, a paper on "Twaddle-Taps." Before complaining of the twaddle published by its contemporaries, it should have turned off its own "twaddle-tap."

* * *

A EUROPEAN READER WRITES:—"I notice in a recent Lounger note that you are surprised that Miss Helen Zimmern is in the habit of suspending her Florentine weekly during the summer months and then resuming its publication in the autumn. This shows that the Lounger is not 'posted' in regard to Anglo-American newspapers on the Continent and in North Africa. There are a dozen or more journals of this kind, three or four being dailies, one or two semi-weeklies and the rest weeklies. Some of them are printed in both French and English. Such are the well-known *Levant Herald*, which has been appearing at Constantinople since 1856, and the *Egyptian Gazette*, which Mr. Andrew Victor Philip has been issuing at Alexandria for the past fifteen years. The latter is the quasi-official organ of British rule in Egypt. Of course, *Galignani's Messenger* at Paris is the oldest of all these dailies and the Paris edition of *The New York Herald* the youngest. Among the weeklies may be mentioned the *Belgian News* of Brussels, the *English and American Register* of Berlin, Dr. Thomas W. Evans's *American Register* of Paris, which was founded by the late Dr. Ryan, so long Paris correspondent of the *Herald*; the *Times of Morocco*, an influential defender of English interests at Tangier, and the *Geneva Telegraph*, which becomes a semi-weekly during the summer months. The *Roman Herald*, the *Algerian Advertiser* and a few other papers, all weeklies, appear only during the season. Miss Zimmern's *Gazette* belongs to this latest category. So she is not the only editor over here who can lay down her quill during the dog-days."

* * *

I FIND A PARAGRAPH in Dr. Nicoll's latest letter to *The Bookman* that does not speak well for the honorable dealing of English publishers. He says:—

"Some years ago the great houses made it a rule never to interfere with authors publishing with other firms. Even yet, two or three publishers hold to this practice. But the custom is gradually being broken down. Let any publisher bring forward a new writer who turns out well, and he has immediately to defend himself from the eager and persevering attacks of brother publishers. There would not be much to complain of in this, provided that the offers made by competing publishers were such as could be fairly paid without anyone being the loser. I regret to say that this is not by any means always the case. I could tell of offers being made which would be condemned by every practical

man as injurious and unfair. I could tell of publishers offering to issue books on no profit at all, acting simply as the author's agent, and paying over to him the whole of the gross profits. If these things were done by one or two Ishmaels of the publishing world there would be nothing to wonder at, but some of the most eminent houses in the world are to blame; and so long as this practice continues, it is obvious that the general public will pay no attention to the publishers' wail, and that authors and the authors' agents will be more stringent than ever."

* * *

SUCH A STATE of things as this could not exist among reputable publishers in this country. American publishers may have their faults, but stealing each others' authors is not one of them. English publishers will have to follow the lead of the doctors and make a code of publishers' ethics as strict as that of medical ethics.

London Letter

RUDYARD KIPLING has been in London during the last week, paying one of his now usual, meteoric visits. It is becoming a sort of custom with Mr. Kipling to drop suddenly like a bolt from the blue; and no one, except, perhaps, his literary agent, really knows when he is to come, and when to go. He is accompanied by Mrs. Kipling, who is said to be in excellent health. It is at present uncertain whether his next move will be. Meanwhile up-to-date bibliographers have had a scramble for a Kipling rarity, which has turned up in the last few days upon the literary counter. This is a copy of the first edition of "Departmental Ditties," in its brown paper habit as it issued from the newspaper office where its author started literary life. Eight guineas is said to have been asked for the treasure, several copies having previously fetched nearly twice as much. It has not transpired into whose hands this latest copy eventually passed.

Jerome K. Jerome, ever moving, made a somewhat entertaining appearance yesterday afternoon before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a jury at Red Lion Square. As readers of *The Critic* are aware, the entrance of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway into London is playing havoc in that prettiest of metropolitan suburbs, St. John's Wood, turning its stucco villas and shady gardens into Ossas of rubble and Pelions of embankment. Among the many peaceful people to be disturbed by this immigration of the builder is Mr. Jerome himself, who enjoys the shelter of a cosy house in Alpha Road, close to Lord's Cricket Ground. For compensation Mr. Jerome claimed 1200*l.*, and to that purpose appeared with the support of Mr. Carson, Q. C., M. P., to face the Company under the advice of Mr. Littler and Mr. Lewis Coward. Mr. Jerome spoke with feeling and grace concerning the advantages of his home, the seclusion of which, he said, alone enabled him to produce his literary works with a fitting finish. He paid 90*l.* a year for rent, but the house was worth 150*l.* He felt he was entitled to substantial damages. After Mr. Jerome had left the box, the fun began. Literary experts were called to prove the necessity of absolute privacy for the perfection of their art. Hall Caine, bristling (no doubt) with statistics, Israel Zangwill, regarding the whole occasion as a stupendous "bean-feast," Frankfort Moore, Sydney Grundy and W. S. Gilbert all supported Mr. Jerome's contention with a show of eloquence. Unfortunately, the jury was composed of men deaf to the claim of letters, and in the event awarded Mr. Jerome no more than 500*l.* damages. Still, even that is a tolerable sum, as recompenses go nowadays.

Edmund Gosse is projecting a new series of literary monographs, or histories, which promises to fill as important a place upon the student's bookshelf as John Morley's English Men-of-Letters. Mr. Gosse's idea is somewhat as follows: he feels that literary criticism has recently tended too much to the statistical, too little to the artistic side of its study, and that the time has come when, without reflecting in any way upon the high service rendered to letters by scientific criticism, there may fitly be some slight reaction against a tendency which threatens to engulf sympathetic study in archæology. Hence his idea of a series of volumes dealing with the ancient and modern literatures of the world, of which Mr. William Heinemann will be the publisher. Each volume, which will be about 350 pages in length, will treat an entire literature, giving a uniform impression of its development, and fixing, so far as is possible, its connection with the work which preceded and followed it. The archaic branches of study will not be neglected, neither will they be overdone: the attempt being always to insist upon the classics of the literature under discussion rather than upon its excrescences and abnormal developments. While designed to assist the student, the series will avoid the stereotyped customs of the text-book, and every volume will be distinguished

as much for its literary style as for its information. The following volumes are already arranged for: Mr. Gosse will himself treat of English literature, Edward Dowden of French. Dr. Garnett will write the volume on Italian literature, Dr. Georg Brandes on Modern Scandinavian, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain of Tokio on Japanese, and Mr. G. G. A. Murray on Greek. This last-named gentleman is Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and was one of the most brilliant men of his time at Oxford. A finished classical scholar, and a multifarious prize-man, he was also conspicuous as one of the best speakers at the Union, not of the flashy, hustings order of oratory, but in a fashion instinct with dignity, and often charged with intense feeling. On the occasion of Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to the Union, Mr. Murray delivered a very fine and impressive speech in favor of Home Rule for Ireland—a speech to which, if I remember rightly, Lord Randolph paid a particular tribute later in the evening. Mr. Gosse's wisdom in soliciting Mr. Murray's aid for the volume upon Greek literature promises well for the conduct of the series, and the other names quoted above are sufficient argument in support. In course of time, it is hoped that the volumes will be so multiplied as to constitute a continuous history of the entire literature of the world.

Mr. Alma Tadema, when distributing the prizes to the art-students at South Kensington, yesterday afternoon, took occasion to make some remarks of interest concerning his birthright. His speech treated of art education in particular, and at the outset he impressed upon the students the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the human figure. Art was not spontaneous, but the gradual flower of civilization, and the art of every country was implicit in its successor. Egyptian and Babylonian art paved the way for Greek; from Greek sprang Roman, and thence, with the influence of Orientalism added, came Byzantine art. It was necessary, therefore, to be continually studying the past, without which there could be no future. There was an art springing up in England which was precisely divorced from study—an art in which you could not distinguish between an apple-tree and a pear-tree, a world of mist, a bubble-and-squeak; and such art was unsatisfactory. Moreover, the artist must have a care for his surroundings. He (Mr. Tadema) had once a studio in Antwerp, surrounded with black Pompeian decorations, and as a result he began to paint too heavily. He thereupon colored his studio red, and the pictures became, in turn, too hot. Next, on moving to Brussels, he had a studio of light green. On looking over his old pictures now, he could classify them according to the influences of these various studios. The importance of the minor arts, therefore, must not be underestimated. Mr. Tadema concluded a very interesting address by impressing once more upon his hearers the necessity of studying direct from nature, and the absurdity of all unnatural and contorted artifice. He was listened to with rapt attention, and enthusiastically applauded.

The fashion for story in the ballet is gaining ground daily, and next week we are to have "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" set in this Terpsichorean frame at the Alhambra. It is said that the music has been written by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and that the Shakespearean tale has been closely followed by the adaptor. The critic of the Higher Music-hall has abundant material here for many essays, and the less ingenious man-in-the-street will doubtless find much to please him. A prettier subject for a ballet could scarcely be conceived.

Readers of *The St. James's Gazette* have long been familiar with certain amusing sketches of *genre* after the fashion of Mr. Anstey's "Voces-Populi," which have been contributed to that paper from time to time over the initials "W. P. R." For some time it was believed that these were the work of Mr. W. P. Ryan, the historian of Celtic literature, but it proves otherwise. They are due to the clever observation of Mr. W. Pott Ridge, one of *The St. James's* staff, who also writes continuously in *To-Day*, and are to be published next week in book-form from the office of the paper of their birth. Later on, Mr. Ridge, who has plentiful humor, will put forth his first novel, "A Clever Wife," and with this double venture will doubtless attract the public gaze. If not particularly original, he is certainly cleverer than many approved successes.

LONDON, 26 July 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

BOSTONIANS ARE NO LONGER Bostonians. They are residents of Nahant, Manchester and Beverly, if they do not get so far away as Newport, the Vineyard, or Bar Harbor. For that reason the old saying holds good, and when one looks for news of Boston he has to

look away from home. In our good people's summer pilgrimage resort of Plymouth, the literary and philosophical circles are whirling through the mazes of higher education and developed religion, utterly regardless of the enervating heat of an August day, and, though to quote from the whole meeting of the School of Ethics would be instructive, yet in this weather I dare not thrust more upon *Critic* readers, cultivated though they are, than the ordinary mortal can bear. We are not all sages and philosophers—in summer. Let me tell a little something, then, about the remarks of certain men upon the education of women. Dr. Ray Greene Huling, who is the head-master of the English High School at Cambridge, gave a most valuable talk on the advance of woman in the school system. That she has at last reached a high position, he proved by showing that in the past three years women had been admitted to the courses in eight American universities—old and conservative Harvard and Yale, as well as new, radical Chicago and Leland Stanford, Jr., besides Brown, Tufts, Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins. Thus have the prejudices of old colonial days been swept away. If anything were needed to illustrate the lack of education of "ye olden time," it would be found in the evidence on the recorded deeds of the most cultivated part of Massachusetts in the early part of the eighteenth century: out of all the signatures of women, relinquishing dower or granting property, less than forty per cent. signed their names; the others all made their marks.

Dr. Huling thinks the New England Puritans disregarded woman's education, because they were simply seeking to make intelligent freemen and educated clergy, and girls could become neither freemen nor ministers. Even at the close of the Revolution, when, as before, there were some exceptional women of high culture, yet there were also ladies of high standing—and Boston women at that!—who could not read. But with the coming of the New England academies (the earliest of which was Dummer Academy, at Byfield, Mass., founded in 1763), education for women received a stimulus due to two things: first, new ideas regarding the rights of individuals; second, a demand for women school-teachers. Yet, in 1780, when a Yale senior, William Woodbridge, organized the first school in New England exclusively founded for the education of girls in studies not taught them at the common schools, the question was raised, as very pertinent, "Who shall cook our food or mend our clothes if girls are to be taught philosophy and astronomy?" Dr. Huling read a certificate granted at Yale in 1783, which, he thought, might possibly belong to one of the graduates of Woodbridge's school. It ran:—"Be it known to you that I have examined Miss Lucinda Foote, twelve years old, and have found that in the learned languages, the Latin and Greek, she has made commendable progress, giving the true meaning of passages in the *Aeneid* of Virgil, the select orations of Cicero, and in the Greek Testament, and that she is fully qualified, except in regard to sex, to be received as a pupil of the Freshman Class of Yale University. Given in the College Library, the 22nd of December, 1783. Ezra Stiles, President." In the first part of the nineteenth century came the epoch-creating establishment of schools for girls, in which most prominent parts were borne by Mrs. Emma H. Willard, with her Middlebury boarding-school at which 5000 pupils were educated in a quarter of a century, with one scholar in every ten destined to become a teacher, and by Miss Mary Lyon, who opened the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary in 1837. Mr. Durant, who founded Wellesley, had been a Trustee of Mt. Holyoke and had imbibed its principles; Matthew Vassar himself said:—"Had there been no Emma Willard, there would have been no Vassar College." Next came the rise of the high schools and the Normal School, and now, as Dr. Huling said, it is absolutely demonstrated that woman can and will use collegiate privileges. Whether she will utilize her natural and acquired gifts in prolonged investigations remains to be seen, but under any circumstances, the Cambridge teacher maintained, it is shown that woman by her education will not be unsexed.

Dr. Hartwell, who spoke on the education of girls as influenced by laws of development in childhood, declared that a scientific organization of education was needed more than the introduction of additional scientific studies; that education must become what Dr. Stanley Hall calls "applied biology." During the first eight years, sensor and motor education is demanded; the next eight years call for a more advanced course, but not for the superior technical education that is due in the third stage. In connection with this development, college athletics are natural and commendable: they should be controlled, not condemned. Girls are a year or two ahead of boys, physically and mentally, said Dr. Hartwell, and each is better along his or her own particular line.

As girls have the advantage in precocity and opportunity, it may be better to avoid co-education, for their sake rather than for that of the boys. The male mind is aggressive and exploring; the female is conservative and constructive; man cannot be made woman, woman cannot be made man. Let their education, therefore, be maintained on scientific understanding of their capacities. Such was the Doctor's argument.

I stepped into Little, Brown & Co.'s yesterday to inquire about the "Life of Francis Parkman," which I had heard was to be brought out soon. Its publication, I find, however, will not come until another year. Mr. Charles H. Farnham is the author of the book. His friendship with Mr. Parkman was close and strong, so that he will be able to give a vivid picture of the historian and his career. Some hitherto uncollected essays will be embodied in the work, but there will be no new articles, since Mr. Parkman left no manuscripts, and very few letters. The biography is being written under the supervision, so to speak, of Mr. Parkman's daughter, Miss E. W. S. Parkman. She is in Europe at present.

BOSTON, 6 Aug. 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Kelmscott Press, the imprint of a publishing-house is to be placed on one of its books, and the new firm of Way & Williams is to be accorded this distinction. It is no small honor, as all lovers of beautiful books will readily recognize. William Morris's artistic work in this craft is so well known, limited as it has been, that it is hardly necessary to call attention to his hand-press and the beauty of his paper, type and decorations. He will make special designs for the book he is to print for this Western firm, and it will have a character which this artist alone knows how to evolve. But beautiful as it will certainly be, the matter in this case is even more interesting than the manner. To rescue a work of art from oblivion is surely a task worthy of all men to be admired; and Rossetti's "Hand and Soul" has been practically lost among his collected prose works. The sketch was originally published in *The Germ*, a short-lived magazine long since out of print. It was issued for a few months in 1850 as the organ of the Pre-Raphaelites, who afterwards made their intention more explicit by changing the name to *Art and Poetry*: "Being thoughts towards Nature, conducted principally by Artists." Copies of the magazine are now extremely rare and valuable, particularly so because it first gave to the world "The Blessed Damozel." In a copy of it bound by Cobden-Sanderson, I read the other day "Hand and Soul," which is a sketch, a study, a dream. It is as exquisite as a flower, a lily heavily laden with perfume. A study of a half-forgotten painter, it grows out of the charm of a mystical picture; and in its sympathetic insight and the beauty of its musical cadences it suggests Pater's memorable criticism of "La Gioconda." The prose is rich, luxuriant, prismatic—a poet's prose.

The first book that bears the imprint of this firm has just come from the press, "Volunteer Grain," by Francis F. Browne. And in the first copy Mr. Browne wrote this neat little advertisement for the publishers:—

"If it be true, as people say,
Where there's a Will there is a Way.
With equal truth it follows still
That where a Way is there's a Will;—
How fitly, then, the two combine
In Way and Williams' classic sign!"

The book is put forth modestly, only 150 copies being offered for sale, and it is very well printed on hand-made paper. The verses themselves are offered modestly, also, and the following poem, in explanation of the title, is one of the best of them:—

"A field of wavering grain
Wild grown on some unplanned, unplanted space,
Owning no fostering grace
Of husbandry save the free sun and rain.
Not the well-tended field
Whose soil, deep mellowed by the ploughman's share,
Full planted, tilled with care,
Gladdens the heart with its abundant yield.
But some fortuitous seeds,
Chance blown, wind scattered, falling by the way,
Growing as best they may,
Find sun and soil sufficient to their needs.
And though but little rife
With golden grain, or flowers that grow between,
This slender sheaf I glean
From the unplanted acres of my life."

This will give an idea of the simplicity, the sincerity, the quiet, appreciative reflectiveness which characterize this book.

The West is well to the fore in the August magazines. *Harper's* has two stories by Chicagoans in Hamlin Garland's "An Evangel in Cyene" and "The Little Room," by Mrs. Madelene Yale Wynne. The latter is a strange, haunting tale in which the simplicity of the New England setting is adroitly contrasted with the weirdness of the central theme. Mr. Garland's story is a bit of brutal realism. The characters are doubtless true to life, but the writer covers up the finer truths with the externals. His theme is a spiritual one, and yet the impression left upon the reader is anything but uplifting, so far do the vulgar actualities overbalance the higher motives. This, I maintain, is not art, but the glorification of the unimportant, the exaggeration of a fault in our nature, which makes us object more strenuously sometimes to trivial flaws than to great ones. To Mr. Garland such flaws are not in the least important as flaws, but they are momentous as facts. The effect of his view of them is not what he intends, for the heavy network of details obscures the finer issues, which he himself nevertheless sees clearly. Herein lies the falsity of the realist's position, and it emphasizes once more the necessity of selection in art.

In *The Cosmopolitan* an article on "Bicycling for Women" is written by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, in whom this city still claims a share. But the most interesting of recent Western contributions to the magazines is "The Pilgrim Sons," a short story by Henry B. Fuller. It is an artistic little satire of American social ambitions. There is surely realism enough in this, but it is a means to an end. The incidents bear a significant relation to the main theme: they illuminate instead of obscuring it. The style, the manner of conveying the irony, has delightful grace and delicacy, and only at the end is it wound up with a fine bit of scathing satire. The art of the thing is rare in our fiction, and the lightness of touch still rarer.

A new children's building is now being added to Hull House. It is to contain the kindergarten rooms and crèche, club-rooms for children, a music-room and a new studio. It will have light on three sides, and to the south two large balconies supported by two-story pillars. The design, by Pond & Pond, promises a handsome building. The residents at Hull House divide their time during the summer between the settlement here and the summer school at Rockford. Started and managed by Miss Addams and Miss Starr, this school has been for several years a delightful country retreat for working girls.

Rand, McNally & Co. have just published "Strength, a Treatise on the Development and Use of Muscle," by C. A. Sampson, the well-known "strong man." It is illustrated and will be useful to amateurs in athletics.

CHICAGO, 6 Aug. 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

Educational Notes

PROF. JAMES A. HARRISON of Washington and Lee University, where he has held for years the chair of modern languages, has been appointed Professor of the Romance Languages and Literature at the University of Virginia, the leading educational institution at the South. He received the appointment without seeking it, though there were some sixty candidates in the field. Prof. Harrison is well known as the author of works for college use, and also of other books. He is, in fact, a writer of unusual fluency and grace, in fields other than educational.

Mr. William H. English, who is nearly seventy-three years old, has spent more than ten years in writing a history of Indiana, travelling extensively through Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and "the Old Northwest" in search of historical documents, of which he has made an immensely valuable collection. He verifies every statement made in his history, lavishly expending both money and time. He frequently has five or six assistants aiding him.

A Cornell *alumnus* writes us:—"In a recent issue you refer to Americans in Europe holding responsible positions in connection with the London newspapers. You might have mentioned in your list the late Herbert Tuttle, Professor of Modern History in Cornell University, who was for several years the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily News*."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia has been made an LL.D. by the University of Edinburgh, the University oration describing him as "the chief ornament to medical science in the New World." He was born in Philadelphia, in February, 1829, educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1850. He was made an LL.D. of Harvard in 1886,

and an M. D. of the University of Bologna, *gratia causa*, in 1888. He has written on toxicology and on nervous diseases; the latter being his specialty, and is well known, also, as a poet, an essayist and a writer of successful fiction.

Prof. Heinrich von Sybel, the famous German historian, died at Berlin on Aug. 1. He was born at Dusseldorf, 2 Dec. 1817, and studied history at Berlin under Von Ranke. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of History at Marburg, in 1846 at Bonn, and was made a member of the Munich Academy of Sciences in 1856. He accepted a second professorship at Bonn in 1861, and was appointed Director of the Prussian State Archives in Berlin in 1875. He was, also, at different times a member of the parliaments of Hesse, the North German Confederation, Prussia, and, later, of the Reichstag. His principal works are "History of the French Revolution," "History of the Establishment of the German Empire by William I.," "History of the First Crusade," "Origin of Royalty in Germany," "The Rising of Europe against Napoleon I.," "Minor Historical Writings" and "Prince Eugene of Savoy." He was instrumental in publishing the Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great, and assisted in the publication of the "Monumenta Germaniae Historica." He founded and edited, also, the *Historische Zeitschrift*.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce an edition of Shakespeare's plays, based on the Globe edition, for high school and college classes. Each volume will contain an introduction, a glossary, an essay on metre, an index, and appendices when required. In this edition an attempt will be made to present the greater plays in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar.

Joseph Thompson, the African explorer, died in London on Aug. 2. He was born at Penpont, 14 Feb. 1858, visited Central Africa with Keith Johnston, and took command of the expedition on the latter's death. In 1884 he succeeded in reaching the northeastern corner of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and four years later went on an expedition to Morocco, crossing the Atlas chain of mountains at six different points. He received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, and also the gold medal in geology and zoölogy of the Edinburgh University. Among his published works are "Through Masai Land" and "Life in the Atlas Mountains."

Of the leading educational journals in the United States, three are edited by men who are actively engaged in the work of teaching. They are *The Educational Review*, edited by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College; the *Journal of Pedagogy*, edited by Dr. Albert Leonard, Principal of the High School, Binghamton, N. Y.; and *The School Review*, edited by Principal C. H. Thurber of Colgate Academy, and Professor-elect of Pedagogy in the University of Chicago.

Before adjourning, the International Geographical Congress at London approved the proposed map of the world on the scale of 1 to 1,000,000, and charged the executive committee with the duty of carrying out the work. The Congress adopted the Greenwich meridian metrical measurement and disapproved almost unanimously of the proposed international institute of geography. It was agreed to call the attention of geographical societies to the application of the decimal system to time and angles, the societies being requested to report upon the matter at the next session, to be held at Berlin. The next but one will probably be held in the United States.

The committee of award for the Hodgkins prizes of the Smithsonian Institution, after examining 218 papers from all parts of the world, has awarded the first prize of \$10,000, for a treatise embodying some new and important discoveries in regard to the nature or properties of atmospheric air, to Lord Rayleigh of London and Prof. William Ramsay of the University College, London, for the discovery of argon in the atmosphere. The second prize, of \$2000, was not awarded; the third (\$1000) was voted to Dr. Henry de Varigny of Paris for the best popular treatise upon atmospheric air, its properties and relationships. The essay is entitled "L'Air et La Vie." Three silver medals and six bronze ones were awarded.

Notes

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce that the Hudson Library of standard fiction, heretofore issued bi-monthly, has, with the first of August, been changed into a monthly publication. The first volume of the monthly issue (August) is "The Island Princess," by Theodore Gift, to be followed by stories by Frederic Breton and

Hamilton Aldé. The new story by Dr. Ottolengui, announced some months back under the title of "The Crime of the Century," will be published by this house early in the autumn. The title has been utilized by the writer of a new play in San Francisco, and Dr. Ottolengui is desirous of making clear the priority of his own announcement.

—Miss Abbey Alger is translating Ernest Renan's "Ma Sœur Henriette" for Roberts Bros., who have in course of preparation, also, the "Family Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," with a memoir by his brother, W. M. Rossetti, in two volumes, with ten illustrations; and William Morris's new poem, "The Wood Beyond the World," which will have a frontispiece by Sir E. Burne-Jones.

—The new Manual of Arms, prepared by the War Department, adapted to the Krag-Jorgensen magazine rifle (caliber .30) just adopted for use in the United States Army, is published by D. Appleton & Co.

—An excellent study of "L'Estetica di Edgardo Poe," by P. Jannaccone, is contained in the *Nuova Antologia* of 15 July.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce "The Red Badge of Courage," a story of the Civil War, by Stephen Crane; "The Watter's Mou," by Bram Stoker; "Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband," by Richard Marsh; "Not Counting the Cost," by Tasma; and "Out of Due Season," by Adeline Sargeant.

—The Century Co. has bought all serial rights for England and America in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which will be begun in the November number of *The Century*.

—"The taste and desire of the ardent author of the opening article, 'The Islands of the Blest,' in *The Critic* of July 27, to be an islander, is delicately echoed," writes C. B. "in the charming 'Ballade of Islands,' by Miss Lucy C. Bull in *The Century* for August. The coincidence of publication, and the fact that the motive of the prose and verse in question touches our fancy so truly and deliciously, seem to indicate that the alluring idea is both in the air and in the hearts of the troubled humanity of this fretted *fin de siècle* age. The Ballade mentioned—the form of which, by the way, is picturesque but pleasing—contains a number of odd words and uncommon references, which may send even a cultivated reader to his or her information books. Who can say instantly what is a 'Norn' or 'nenuphar,' and who is 'sweet Allan Bane'?"

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press "The Minute Man on the Frontier," sketches of life on the Western border, by the Rev. D. G. Puddefoot.

—John Murray's publications this autumn will include the Duke of Argyll's "Law in Christian Geology," which embodies the same idea as that dealt with by Drummond in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," worked out on an entirely independent basis; a volume of the correspondence of Dean Stanley, as a complement to his biography; a volume by F. St. John Gore, "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life," illustrated from the author's own photographs; and "The Journal of a Spy in Paris, from January to July, 1794."

—"The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories," written by the late Constance Fenimore Woolson during the last years of her life, is announced by Harper & Bros.

—Austin Dobson's "Story of Rosina," with Hugh Thomson's illustrations, will be published in the fall. It will be uniform with "The Ballad of Beau Brocade"; the large-paper edition will be limited to 250 copies. A new and limited edition of Mr. Dobson's poems, containing the work by which he prefers to be known, will soon be issued in London.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's "Stark Monroe Letters" will be published in book-form by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Miss Margaret Greenway McClelland, the novelist, died on Aug. 2, at her home in Virginia. She was the author of "Old Ike's Memories" (a volume of verse) and the novels "Princess," "Oblivion," "A Self-Made Man," "Jean Monteith," "Mme. Silva," "Manitou Island," "Burkett's Lock," "A Nameless Novel," "Broad Oaks," "St. John's Wooing" and "The Old Post-Road."

—Max Nordau is writing a novel, which he will follow up with a play for the Lessing Theatre, Berlin.

—A French reader writes us apropos of the first number of *Information*:—"Mr. Stoddart should give more care to accuracy in the future issues of his weekly, or its value will be greatly lessened."

In the initial number, the two paragraphs devoted to French affairs fairly bristle with errors great and small. Thus, in its list of the members of the French Academy are the names of two or three men who have been dead for weeks and even months; and the late Camille Doucet is given as Perpetual Secretary, whereas he was dead and buried long before this number of *Information* appeared, and was replaced by M. Gaston Boissier. The French accents seem to puzzle Mr. Stoddart's contributors and proof-reader. Thus 'Académie' is printed not less than five times in this one article, and always without an accent on the first 'e'. In the little paragraph on M. Jules Lemaitre, the 'e' in Renan's name is capped with an accent which that assertive scholar never claimed, while one or two not less inexcusable liberties are taken with the graves, acutes and circumflexes. But there are other mistakes in this brief notice of the Academicians of a far more serious nature. M. Jules Lemaitre never had anything to do with the Sorbonne, if that is what is meant by the odd phrase, 'a lecturer on the Sorbonne.' His brilliant series of volumes on the famous men of the hour is not entitled 'Les Contemporains,' but 'Les Contemporains.' Why in the very short list of his plays omit 'Le Député Leveau' and 'L'Age Difficile,' especially as the latter had the honor of being put on the boards of the Français last season? If I count sins of commission and omission, there is one for every line and a half in this paragraph. That will never do, Mr. Stoddart, in a journal bearing the title *Information*!"


—Mme. Taine is putting the finishing touches to the memoirs and correspondence of her husband, the late H. Taine, with the assistance of her daughter.

—Dr. George F. Root, the composer, died unexpectedly at Bailey's Island, Maine, on Tuesday last; he would have been 75 years old on Aug. 30. He was born on his father's farm at Sheffield, Mass. Music became his calling at eighteen, and he followed it in Boston and New York, with a year's study in Paris in 1850. In 1853 he published his first song, "Hazel Dell," which soon became popular, and this was followed at brief intervals by other compositions, many of which became favorites in this country and in England. Among them were "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "The Old Folks Are Gone," "A Hundred Years Ago" and "There's Music in the Air." His cantatas "The Flower Queen" and "The Hay-makers" were also very successful. He composed a quantity of sacred music, and published several collections of vocal and instrumental music. He wrote books on the piano and the organ and pamphlets on harmony and principles of teaching, and was a frequent contributor to the musical press. He was the originator of the normal musical institutes, and was one of the faculty when the first one was held in this city in 1852. Since 1860 he had lived in Chicago.

—The first instalment of Paul Bourget's new novel will be published next month. The author has gone to Scotland, where he will finish the book.

Publications Received

- Adeney, Walter F. The Song of Solomon and Lamentations. \$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Sons.
Baldwin, Mrs. Alfred. The Story of a Marriage. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bibliographica. Part VI. Macmillan & Co.
Butterworth, H. In Old New England. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Coleridge's Principles of Criticism. 90c. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Cole, George Watson. American Libraries; Their Past, Present and Future. Pennsylvania Library Club.
Fisher, Mary. Twenty-Five Letters on English Authors. \$1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Fischer, Kuno. Goethe's Faust. Tr. by H. R. Wolcott. Vol. I. Manchester, Iowa: H. R. Wolcott.
Fraser, J. A. and C. H. Sergel. Sound Money. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel Co.
Gage, Alfred P. The Principles of Physics. \$1.55. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Giff, Theo. An Island Princess. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gyp. Le Mariage de Chiffon. Brentano's.
Hinsdale, B. A. The American Government. \$1.50. Chicago: The Warner Co.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great: W. M. Thackeray. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Marsh, Richard. Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Mallock, W. H. The Heart of Life. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Modern Art. Edited by J. M. Bowles. Vol. III. Boston: L. Frang & Co.
Peyster, J. Watts de. The real Napoleon Bonaparte. Privately Printed.
Peyster, J. Watts de. Authorities Cited or Referred to in Three Pamphlets on Waterloo. New York: Charles H. Ludwig.
Russell, W. Clark. The Honor of the Flag. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Simonds, W. D. American Liberty. 50c. Battle Creek, Mich.: Smith & Geddes & Co.
Smith, Goldwin. A Trip to England. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
Statham, H. Heathcote. Architecture for General Readers. \$3.50.
Trout, G. W. A Mormon Wife. Illust. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Tucker, J. C. To the Golden Goal. \$1.25. San Francisco: William Doxey.
Vor 25 Jahren. Illust. 35c. Brentano's.



YALE MIXTURE
GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

You won't know the luxury of Pipe Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package post-paid for 25 cents.

Marburg Bros.,
The American Tobacco Co.,
Successors, Baltimore, Md.

Authors at Home

Personal and Biographical Sketches of well-known American Writers.

These animated sketches originally appeared in *The Critic*, whose editors, J. B. & J. L. Gilder, have arranged them for publication in book-form. The list embraces nearly thirty names, all of them familiar to American readers; with one exception, that of Goldwin Smith, they are the names of native American writers. All the articles have been written with the sanction of the people they portray, and from them one gets a more intimate view of the authors sketched than even their own writings afford.

"One of the few books that may be said to be truly delightful. . . . There is a charm about the personality of authors that rarely attaches itself to any other class; and by this book the reader, without any feeling of intrusion, is introduced to the author in his own library, and soon finds himself on the most delightfully familiar footing."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

"Until the time comes when the formal biographies of these living Americans shall have to be written, this volume will remain the best and most trustworthy source of information about them."—*Boston Advertiser*.

"The high tone of the volume—its freedom from offensive 'smartness' and carelessness, which is ill-natured gossip—is worthy of the highest praise."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"The book ought to have a place in all reference libraries."—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"A series of charming sketches."—*Public Opinion*.

1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. Large-Paper Edition, for interleaving, limited to 100 copies, \$5.

ORDERS RECEIVED BY THE CRITIC CO.,
287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



LIKE FLYING
UNEQUALLED UNAPPROACHED
COLUMBIA BICYCLES
\$100
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO BUFFALO PROVIDENCE SAN FRANCISCO
HARTFORD BICYCLES
POPE MFG CO.
HARTFORD CONN.
CATALOGUE FREE FROM ANY AGENT OR BY MAIL FOR TWO 2CT. STAMPS

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

So say the wheelmen who use Dixon's No. 679. It prevents the oil in "self-lubricating" chains from drying. It lubricates the teeth of the sprocket wheels. It prevents wear and rust and ensures ease in riding. It is the purest and best graphite preparation in the market. If your dealer does not keep it send to cents for sample. It will pay you.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

OF INTEREST TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:
The skilled revision of prose and verse. Let us of unbiased and competent criticism and advice. The compilation of first class works of reference. Send your MSS. to The New York Bureau of Revision.—Established 1880. Unique in position and success. Indorsed by our leading writers. Circulars. Address, DR. TITUS M. COAN, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Now— Is the Time

To select your CAMERA

We have all styles and prices from \$5 to \$150. Send for descriptive manuals of the "WATERBURY" and "HENRY CLAY" Cameras. We are the oldest established house in this business.

THE SCOVILL & ADAMS CO. of N. Y.,
423 Broome Street, New York.

Send 35 cents for a copy of THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES, containing about 100 handsome illustrations.

Tell Your Friends

A MIDSUMMER OFFER

"Marcella." By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2 vols. \$2.
"Trilby." By George du Maurier. \$1.75.
"The Manxman." By Hall Caine. \$1.50.
"The Adventures of Captain Horn."
By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.

These four novels are the successes of the year. If you have not read any of them, or if you have read a borrowed copy and wish to own the book, you may do so now without paying for the privilege. We will mail free to any new subscriber sending us \$3 for one year's new subscription for *The Critic*—the leading American weekly review of literature and the arts—the authorized edition of any one of these books. To any one sending us \$10 for three new subscriptions for *The Critic*, we will send all of these novels.

This offer is open till 1 Oct., 1895—not a day later.

THE CRITIC CO.,

287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



MONUMENTS

Send for Illustrated Hand-book.

J. & R. LAMB,
59 CARMINE STREET,
NEW YORK.

The New
Model
No.

6

Remington Typewriter.

MANY NOTABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

More Permanent Alignment,
Improved Spacing Mechanism,
Lighter and Wider Carriage,
Uniform and Easy Touch,
Economical Ribbon Movement,
Improved Paper Feed.

Matchless Construction. Unequalled Durability.
Unrivalled Speed.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



THE ST. DENIS,

Broadway and Eleventh Street,
Opposite Grace Church, - NEW YORK.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms \$1.00 per day and upwards.

"There is an atmosphere of home comfort and hospitable treatment at the St. Denis which is rarely met with in a public house, and which insensibly draws you there as often as you turn your face toward New York."

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATIONAL

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIES.

Library School. Courses of study offering one year in English Literature, German, Current Topics, Typewriting, Cataloguing, and Library Economy.

The Library contains 50,000 volumes as a laboratory for study and use.

FREDERIC B. PRATT, Secretary.

PRATT INSTITUTE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.

Oldest and best known in the U. S.
Established 1885.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells you about them **That** recommends a teacher and recommends you, that is more. **Ours Recommends.**

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT

WOODSIDE SEMINARY,
Hartford, Conn.

Early application for September 26th, 1895, is requested.
Miss SARAH J. SMITH, Principal.

Norwalk, Connecticut.

MISS BAIRD'S Institute for Girls. 44 miles from New York City. Primary and College Preparatory courses. New buildings, steam heat, incandescent light. Gymnasium. Careful attention to morals and manners. 22d year.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS opens Sept. 18th, 1895. Twenty-first year. The Rev. Francis T. Russell, D.D., Rector. Miss Mary R. Hillard, Principal.

INGLESIDE—A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
NEW MILFORD, LITCHFIELD CO., CONN.
Opens Tuesday, October 1st, 1895.
Post-Graduate course. Mrs. WM. D. BLACK.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

National Park Seminary FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Suburbs of Washington, D. C. Collegiate and Seminary Courses. Beautiful grounds. \$75,000 buildings. A cultured home. \$350 to \$400. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. "It is a liberal education to live in Washington."

MASSACHUSETTS

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Lawrence Scientific School.

The Lawrence Scientific School, together with Harvard College and the Graduate School, is under control of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. In 1895, instruction will be given in the following departments:—

Civil and Topographical Engineering,
Electrical Engineering,
Mechanical Engineering,
Mining Engineering,
Architecture,
Chemistry,
Geology,
Botany and Zoology,
General Science,
Science for Teachers,
Anatomy, Physiology, and Physical Training.
For descriptive pamphlets and for other information address

M. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary,
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

WILLARD HALL.

A Boarding School for Girls.
Five Teachers resident.

Address Mrs. SARAH M. MERRILL. Danvers, Mass.

NEW JERSEY

The Misses Anable's English, French and German Boarding and Day School.
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.
College Preparation. Art and Music. Apply for circulars.

NEW YORK

ST. AGNES SCHOOL.
Under the direction of BISHOP DOANE. 25th year.
Miss ELLEN W. BOYD, Principal. Albany, N. Y.

Aurora, Cayuga Lake, New York.

WELLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. New building with modern improvements. Session will begin September 19, 1895. Send for catalogue.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, Manlius, N. Y. Summer School for Boys for Study or Recreation. Excursion on Schooners around Lake Ontario and the Thousand Islands. Excursion on Schooners along Atlantic Coast. Apply to Col. WM. VERNER, Pres.

NEW YORK

New York, Newburgh.

The Misses Mackie's School for Girls.

The thirtieth year.
Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley.

Peekskill, New York.

The Peekskill Military Academy.

61st Year. COL. LOUIS H. ORLEMAN, Principal.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY.

60th year. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies, and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.
JOSEPH B. BISBEE, Principal, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

New York, Buffalo, 284 Delaware Avenue.

Buffalo Seminary.

The forty-fifth year. For circulars, address
Mrs. C. F. HARTT, Principal.

NEW YORK CITY

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY

OF MUSIC OF AMERICA

126 and 128 East 17th Street

(INCORPORATED 1885)

ANTONIN DVORAK, DIRECTOR.

Holistic Year 1895-96

MEMBER 1ST TO MAY 1ST. The faculty consists of the most eminent artists and instructors of America, and no Conservatory abroad can offer so efficient a corps of teachers.

THE MISS MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

51st Street Drive,

85th and 86th Streets, New York.

MISS GIBBONS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

55 West Forty-seventh Street.
Will re-open October 2d. Preparation for all colleges. A few boarding pupils will be received.
Mrs. SARAH H. EMERSON, Principal.

New York City, 181 Lenox Ave., near 119th St.

MISS MARY E. AND MISS RUTH MERINGTON.
French and English School for Girls.

NORTH CAROLINA

Raleigh, North Carolina.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Raleigh, North Carolina. Advent term of the Fifty-Third School Year will begin Sept. 30, 1895. Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene. Address the Rector, Rev. B. SNEDES, D.D.

OHIO

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, O.

Begins 71st year Sept. 2. Board, tuition, furnished room, and books, \$2.50 to \$3 a week; 8 courses; no saloons. Cheap, safe. Largest attendance yet. Catalogue free.
W. A. WILLIAMS, D.D., Pres.

THE OHIO UNIVERSITY AT ATHENS

Offers first-class Educational Advantages to a limited number of earnest students.

FOR CATALOGUES ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Penn., 4313 and 4315 Walnut Street.
A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Mme. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address Mme. H. CLERC.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.
MISS BALDWIN'S School for Girls. Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College. Within five years, more than forty pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Diploma gives in both General and College-Preparatory courses. Eighth year opens Sept. 25, 1895. For circular, address Miss FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

French Books

All New, Standard, and Illustrated French Books constantly in stock.
Catalogue free.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS,

851 and 853 Sixth Ave. (48th St.), N. Y.

THIRTY-ONE INFORMATION BUREAUS.

Each of the city ticket offices of the New York Central Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—31 in all.

Complete information in regard to routes and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of New York Central Books and Pictures will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



RÉCAMIER CREAM

Removes
TAN and SUNBURN.

Will cure all Skin
Eruptions.

Sample sent postpaid
on receipt of 25
cents.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer,
131 W. 31st St.,
New York.